Caroline P. Niemczyk
Virginia is for Whiners

Mary Ball Martínez
Guatemala is Blue

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 17 OCTOBER 1984 NO. 10

Gala Crack-Up Symposium

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.: The Liberal Crack-Up

Vladimir Bukovsky: "Keep Talking"

John Muggeridge: Canada's Crack-Up

Charles Murray: "Fairness"

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A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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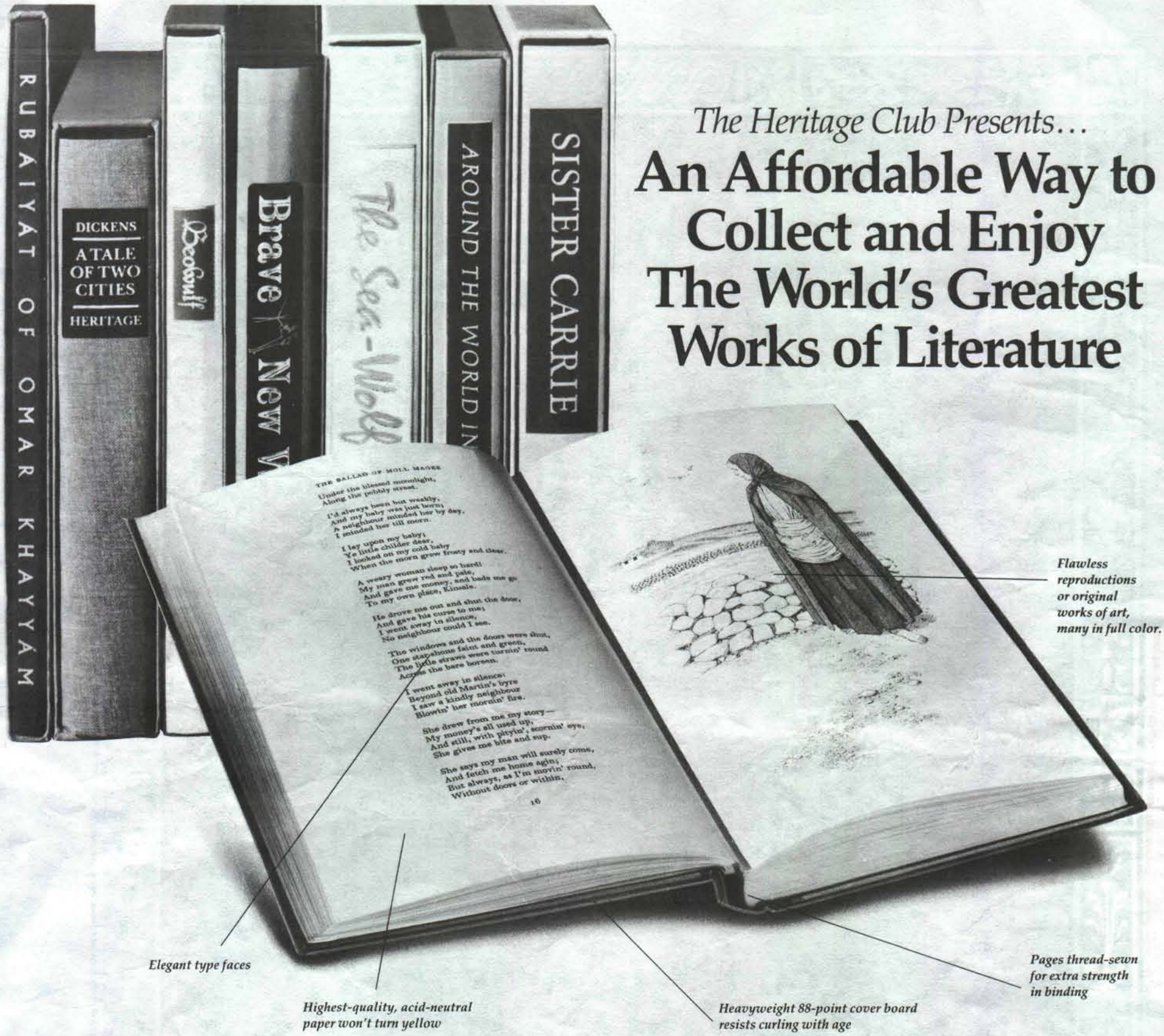
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DICKENS
A TALE OF TWO CITIES
HERITAGE
Beowulf
Brave New W
The Sea-Wolf
AROUND THE WORLD IN
SISTER CARRIE
THE BALLAD OF MOLL MAGEE
Under the blessed moonlight,
Along the pebbly street.
I'd always been but weakly,
And my baby was just born;
A neighbour minded her by day,
I minded her till morn.
I lay upon my baby;
Ye little childer dear,
I looked on my cold baby
When the morn grew frosty and clear.
A weary woman sleep so hard!
My man grew red and pale,
And gave me money, and bade me go
To my own place, Kinsale.
He drove me out and shut the door,
And gave his curse to me;
I went away in silence,
No neighbour could I see.
The windows and the doors were shut,
One star-shone faint and green,
The little straws were turnin' round
Across the bare boreen.
I went away in silence:
Beyond old Martin's byre
I saw a kindly neighbour
Blowin' her mornin' fire.
She drew from me my story—
My money's all used up,
And still, with pityin', scornin' eye,
She gives me bite and sup.
She says my man will surely come,
And fetch me home again;
But always, as I'm movin' round,
Without doors or within,
16

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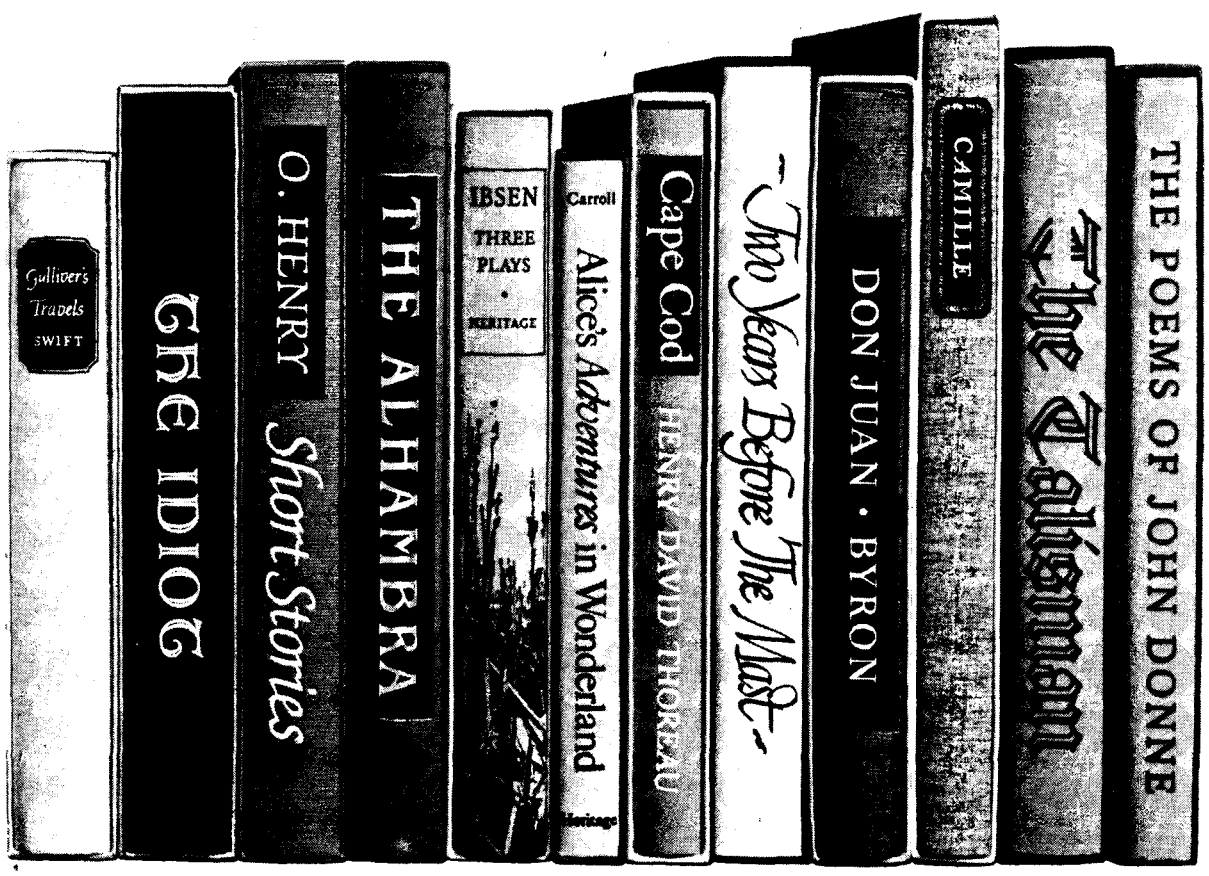

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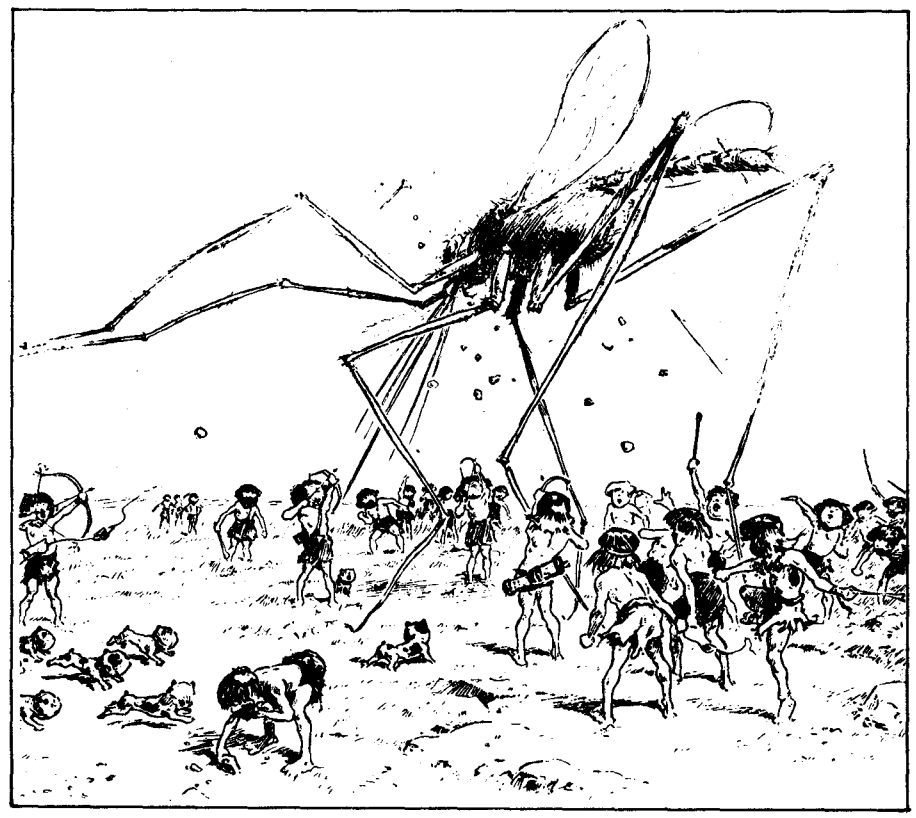
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•With clouds of pollen and swarms of obnoxious insects adding to the wonder and mystery of the environment, August swoons into September; and the season is made even more uncomfortable by presidential politicking. Having once again thoroughly dominated their party's national convention, the New Age Democrats are now after the White House. Why, is the question. Do they not remember what they did to the country when they saddled us with their last anile Messiah? Do they not realize that their present prodigy is even farther gone on the New Age bunkum? In days of yore, any attempt to elect to the presidency a man of Walter Mondale's proven smallness would have been viewed quite properly as treasonous, but perhaps I go too far.

•At any rate, this poor sap will be running against the Great Communicator. That became official in the middle of the month when the Republicans in Dallas renominated Ronald Reagan who thanked them by delivering a very mediocre speech. No one seemed to notice. Instead the mullahs of network news harrumphed over the Republicans' insistence on introducing Mr. Reagan with a documentary film. Rather artlessly they fretted that a documentary using camera and sound might do more violence to the truth than a lone orator. They confessed, in other words, that the public could more easily be deceived by the tools of their trade than by a honeyfogling politico crooning from the podium. Agnew is redeemed!

•Mr. Reagan's running mate is again Mr. George Bush. It will be his task as a former World War II bomber pilot, a self-made businessman, a former congressman, a former ambassador to the United Nations, a former emissary to China, a former head of the CIA, an unsuccessful presidential candidate, and a Vice President to outshine somehow Ms. Geraldine Ferraro, a three-term congresswoman who until mid-month had displayed the mind of a first-rate airline stewardess from one of the finer airlines, say, TWA. Yet there may be more to this gung ho gal, for it is now revealed that she is actually a millionairess, a landlady with some unsavory tenants, and no goody-two-shoes reformer at all but a New Age Tammanyite quick to circumvent our idiotic campaign laws. In fine, she is another of our modern moral paragons, held up before the eyes of all New Age boobs as tomorrow's George Washington.

•That the Mondale coalition continues to be afflicted by fissures separating one group of moral colossi from another was illustrated in Sacramento, California, where feminists and animal-rights activists had at it over Mrs. Dorothy Bedford's treatment of her oafish husband. Mrs. Bedford, a 22-year-old *cum laude* graduate of assertiveness training, had endured quite enough of her husband's *macho* infelicities, and so she stuffed newspapers into the doghouse of his sleeping pet and set the smelly thing afire. Unfortunately Sacramento's animalists heard of her feat and clamored for her prosecution, thus causing many anxious days at local Mondale headquarters. It was an unfortunate row that never would have taken place had Mrs. Bedford done the right thing at the outset by setting Mr. Bedford afire. A similar intercoalition squabble divides the Mondalians of Frederick, Maryland, where gay activists went on the alert when police arrested Mr. Warren A. Bowers, 31 (of no fixed residence), and charged him with "perverted sex practices and cruelty to animals." Mr. Bowers allegedly effected sexual congress with Harva's Rainbow, a horse. There were no witnesses to the purported tryst, and Harva's owner, Miss Colby D. Hubble of Ijamsville, has said "I don't want to say anything about it." Nonetheless the authorities are standing by their case. Police Chief Richard J. Ashton testifies that Harva "sustained minor injuries," specifically a "swollen vagina"; to say nothing of her profound loss of self-esteem. And now it appears that the children's rights movement may get into the act, for Harva, age 9, is arguably still a minor.



•Apparently, the residents of Queens, New York are going to have to start wearing shoes, for on August 11 a Queens pedestrian received a ghastly bite on the toe from a neighbor's pet chimpanzee, Congo. Congo, who had escaped from his owner's home after becoming drunk on vodka and beer, stumbled for hours through the streets of this New York borough, unnoticed and uncared for by a citizenry that has become accustomed to such "neighborhood characters" ever since New York's fabulous progressives emptied the state's asylums and sent many of Congo's intellectual equals to live *al fresco*. The promising political career of East Spencer, North Carolina's mayor, Mr. Charles Ramsey, Jr., suffered catastrophe when a lady constituent of delicate upbringing charged him with wearing light blue women's see-through panties trimmed with lace to the Shell Quality Mart in historic Salisbury, North Carolina. Protesting that he is the subject of "cultural clash," the Hon. Ramsey insists that he actually was wearing a men's racing-style bathing suit, although he remains suspiciously reticent about that lace trim.

•At Northern Ireland's Maze Prison two prisoners disguised as refuse and left-overs were badly damaged when the garbage truck in which they hoped to escape compressed them into a neat little lump. Canadian elections heated up, portending disaster for Canadian Liberals. One of the Rev. Jackson's hosts during his late presidential campaign was indicted for welfare fraud while the Rev was visiting—get this—Monte Carlo. Miss Vanessa Williams's contract with NBC grew in value when it was announced that still more pictures of her photographed from a gynecologist's perspective will be appearing in *Penthouse* magazine, and the Soviet Union's most distinguished bag lady is dead. Mrs. Nina Petrovna Khrushchev, widow of the late Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, died in Moscow sometime during August; Soviet officials were vague on the details. Perhaps to redress the slight, Mr. Alvin Krebs in composing the *New York Times*'s obit sang of her "kindliness and unflagging smile," of how "she delighted in pulling out pictures of her grandchildren," and of that romantic journey in 1959 to America during which she and her *shiska* husband "exchanged lingering glances while Frank Sinatra was singing a love song." Mr. Krebs did not mention that for all we know she died while sleeping on a park bench or picking through garbage in a Moscow street. In the Socialist Motherland nice gals finish last.

•There was another Kennedy automobile accident—the Senator again—and this time responsibility did not repose with a Kennedy but with the other fellow, a turn of events so unusual that London's *Sunday*

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Telegraph put a picture of the battered Kennedy vehicle on page one. The National Centers for Disease Control announced that at least 95 people were electrocuted in U.S. bathtubs between 1979 and 1982, more than half of whom died while using electric hair dryers. Victims ranged in age from 5 months to 52 years among males and 1 to 76 years among females, suggesting that men learn to use these advanced instruments earlier in life—a finding that will not go down well amongst feminists desirous of seeing more women employed in heavy industry.

•Signs of political reaction continue to proliferate. In St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S. Magistrate Brian Short rebuffed yet another idealistic thrust at the infamous McDonald's hamburger chain when he dismissed as "clearly frivolous" a $5 million suit. The absurd suit charged McDonald's with false advertising for claiming to have sold approximately 40 billion scrumptious patties of protein. Finally, a New York State appeals court rejected a nightclub operator's claim that "recreational dancing is a form of expression" protected by the First Amendment—a benighted finding when one recalls that years ago the Warren Court held that dancing buck naked is a sacred First Amendment right. Moreover, remember that all the Founding Fathers were avid dancers, particularly Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer who brought the rumba to the United States in a small earthen jar.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Gold Watch

"The Price of Gold" by Gregory A. Fossedal (*TAS,* July 1984) was a rather astonishing recital of how the gold standard works—or how Mr. Fossedal thinks it works.

The idea that "the gold standard is simply a rule that tells the Fed when to lower the interest rates and when to raise them" is truly astounding, since the actual effects of actual gold standards historically have been to limit the amount of currency and spending through the outflow of gold from the public reserves.

A true gold standard does not require the "right price" for gold. A given measure of gold (ounce, gram, or whatever) is the reality of the monetary standard, and any paper receipts issued for it must be related clearly to the corresponding amount of gold. The question Mr. Fossedal appeared to be answering is "What is the proper price of the paper we want to issue?" Lousy question, since we shouldn't be issuing government paper that looks like money, anyway. The free market historically did a far better job—let the free market do it again.

Finally, changes in the price of gold don't cause inflation or deflation, nor do such changes cause recessions—unless, of course, you believe that thermometers cause fever. . . .

—Lannon Stafford
Phoenix, Arizona

From the Summit

Is this 1984 or 1884?

This is the question that one must ask upon reading William Tucker's "Black Family Agonistes" in the July issue of *The American Spectator.*

That a magazine would publish in this day and age such a blatantly racist diatribe against a segment of American citizenry—replete with similarly disgusting illustrations—is a good reminder that racism is not only alive and flourishing in America, but it is also on the rise and showing its ugly self as boldly as it once did in earlier periods of our history.

The article is indicative of the type of sick mentality which continues to hold the victims of oppression responsible for their unfortunate condition of poverty. . . . *—Denton L. Watson*
Director, Public Relations
NAACP
Brooklyn, New York

cc: Benjamin L. Hooks
NAACP Executive Director

Althea T.L. Simmons
NAACP Washington Bureau Director

NAACP National Board of Directors

John Jacob
National Urban League President

Mildred Love
National Urban League Vice President

James Williams
National Director of Public Relations

While the damage has been done and nothing will ever set matters right, I must raise serious objections to the lack of accuracy in the article, "Black Family Agonistes," that appeared in the July issue of your magazine. It was a distorted, biased, and racist view of the Black Family Summit that was further inflamed by the odious and demeaning illustrations accompanying it.

Since I was the director of the press room for the Black Family Summit, I am in a position to report that William Tucker came to the Summit as a stranger to the black experience in America, and left the same way. His attitude toward my staff and the participants was condescending and patronizing. His every action seemed to bespeak a feeling that because we were black, we were his inferiors. . . .

But let's move past these personal observations and reach the point of real concern—the odious manner in which the meaning and intent of the Summit were distorted.

To set the Summit in its correct perspective, it is first necessary to know what it was all about. This was a meeting of representatives of national black membership organizations who answered a call from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League to devise strategies and programs which the black community itself could implement to address the problems facing a large number of black families.

This was an example of successful and highly motivated black people coming together at their own expense to mobilize their own communities for the common good of all. Why then would Mr. Tucker comment that they "spent a lot of time playing at being oppressed"?

Most certainly they did stress the need for blacks to keep their own identity while becoming part of the mainstream, and no apology needs to be made. However, Mr. Tucker seems to regard this as being un-American and somehow very wrong.

There are so many other things that are off-key in the article, that there really is no point in examining it any further. Obviously, this is the type of article that your publication wanted to receive and fairness is of no concern to you. But you might want to consider that out of the many articles written by the more than 50 journalists who attended the Summit, the Tucker piece was the only one that took this destructive approach. Why?

—James D. Williams
Director, Communications
National Urban League, Inc.
New York, New York

cc: Denton Watson
NAACP, Director, Public Relations

Mildred Love
Vice President, National Urban League

Simpson-Mazzoli

Tom Bethell's August "Capitol Ideas" column entitled "What Immigration Crisis?" is the best analysis of the Simpson-Mazzoli bill that I have seen. I only wish that Bethell could have explained in more detail why Speaker O'Neill did not follow his own political judgment to kill the bill on first reading but allowed the dominant judgment of the congressional Democratic leadership to prevail. The role of the AFL-CIO would figure large in that judgment.

Bethell has made a clear and decisive contribution to understanding the political climate dominated by the "right-thinking" section of the public when he explains why they want to "gain control." So long as the immigrants are "out of control" (illegal) they are hardworking, tax-paying, well-behaved people—avoiding all entanglements with the law, positive or negative. They avoid union organizers, social and welfare workers, and all "the meddlers whose activities are guaranteed (and intended) to make the individual more dependent on the state."

As I write from Silicon Valley, the local head of the INS is about to be sent to some far assignment (as he should be) for telling employers "that approximately 20 percent of the people employed in the world's most productive and technologically advanced spot are *illegally* employed and should be sent back home immediately"! . . .

—Leonard P. Liggio
President, Institute for Humane Studies
Menlo Park, California

Correction

I have discovered an unfortunate error in my review of Edward Banfield's book, *The Democratic Muse* (*TAS,* September 1984). Mr. Banfield's book deals with the policies of the National Endowment for the Arts, not with the National Endowment for the Humanities as I mistakenly said. I apologize to the author and to any readers who were misled.

—Thomas Main
New York, New York

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EDITORIALS

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Has it been noted and analyzed by the learned anthropologists of the Republic that modern feminists do not fall in love? Or if they do, they are very demure about it: Never are they caught canoodling in public or even snuggling up to a would-be Romeo. True, I have seen some of the nation's chief strategists of feminism cuddling prized household pets, and occasionally you might hear one suggest that she is the possessor of amorous powers comparable to, say, those of Helen of Troy; but I can recall not one having ever boasted of her ardor for a particular American male.

Scholars generally acknowledge that love, romantic love, remains one of the country's lasting values. It has endured Puritanism, it has endured Hollywood, it has even endured the chill lectures of the sex educationists. In point of fact, through all the vicissitudes in our history love between boy and girl has been a staple of song and verse. Now, my research staff notifies me that romantic love is a more prevalent theme in popular song than ever before. In the past songsters might take a break from songs of love to compose ditties to the sidewalks of New York or a potentially white Christmas. Nowadays it is love, love, love. Yet the feminists remain impregnable. I know; I read all their intellectual tracts.

The feminist's relative celibacy was particularly evident to me as I watched Nancy and Ron at the Republican convention last month. Now there is a red hot romance for you. They hold hands, smile coyly at each other, and he holds doors for her without fear of controversy. Does the feminist's husband hold doors for his bride? Only if it has been stipulated in one of those marriage contracts that the feminists prescribe, those documents that are supposed to designate each party's rights and obligations before marriage vows are taken and hostilities officially commence. I am sure that the happily married couple now inhabiting 1600 Pennsylvania has its stormy moments, but neither Ron nor Nancy seems to be anguished by the petty rivalries and calculations that the feminists tell us must be at the heart of the modern nuptial alliance.

The squeamish dons of the press chastely characterize the relationship between the President and First Lady as "close." Bolder minds, unfrightened by public displays of affection, realize, of course, that these two are madly in love. I remember very vividly a dinner I had for them in New York before the 1980 campaign when the ex-governor of California expressed his desire to meet some of the liberal intellectuals of the East who were then moving right. The Reagans were the most senior guests at the table. However, their obvious affection for each other conferred a youthful charm on them that set them apart. It was enough to make even a sour fellow like me revise his theretofore low estimate of moonlight and roses, for the Reagans even then manifested their affection with the utmost dignity.

While on the subject of romantic Republicans—a subject that may not be raised again in 1,000 years—forget not George and Barbara Bush. They too seem hooked on each other. The vivacious Mrs. Bush is quite obviously a very sturdy and energetic sort, as is her husband whose biography reads: World War II bomber pilot, businessman, congressman, UN ambassador, emissary to China, CIA head, presidential candidate, and Vice President. Yet one spies little friction between the Bushes, and here again I see traces of what even a sociologist might identify as romance. What is it with these Republicans?

I confess I do not know. They do seem to be relatively free of the feminist fevers and can therefore face up to the wisdom of the birds and the bees much less gloomily. Moreover they do so at no cost to the women's self-esteem whatsoever. The women that I saw at the Republican convention last month seemed manifestly happier than any feminist I know of, and their achievements are of a high order: Cabinet members, U.S. senators, congresswomen, a Supreme Court justice, plus a mob of happily married mothers.

In fact, according to my estimate, these much-maligned Republicans have climbed high in our society, doing so without benefit of affirmative action and without making their male friends miserable. But what about our feminist friends? Something must be done to put a smile on their faces and a gentleman at each elbow. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

AMONG THE WOODSTOCK PEOPLE

Last month a modern communications giant, NBC, transported me down memory lane, using a mundane limousine. The great black monstrosity carried me and a pal into the wilds of upstate New York and deposited us in a common cornfield. There in the company of William Kunstler, the radical lawyer; Bobby Seale, the Black Panthers' co-founder; Wavy Gravey (profession unknown), and a couple of dozen other relics, I was supposed to summon up memories of the Woodstock rock festival of, lo, fifteen years ago and to blubber; or was I to fulminate or to solemnize on the nobility of those of my peers who disported *al fresco* and took dope in the sunshine while others were fighting Communists in Vietnam? Frankly, I still do not know what was expected of me.

From my fellow participants on this TV show, "Summer Sunday, USA," I got the impression that Woodstock was by their lights an epochal event. Many were deep in melancholia. "It is strange to see lines on faces that fifteen years ago looked so young," an illustrious activist confided to me. What was strange for me was to be in the company of so many who appeared so prematurely burned out. As a very modern fellow I try to be terribly sensitive, but those rosy-cheeked progressives whose adolescence began in the 1960s have sustained more epochal events than were chronicled by Gibbon in the entire *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* I grew dubious years ago.

Back in 1969 I emerged from Woodstock unscathed. The metaphysical rumble-bumble that was perceived in the popular music of the era passed me by. Possibly it was there, and possibly an old sock worn round the neck will cure the common cold, but I remain unconvinced. My Woodstock experience last month did convince me that many of the participants stopped reading newspapers around 1974. Over a decade ago it was fashionable to speak of young people as representing "the brightest generation" in our history; but if those who gathered to commemorate Woodstock with me last month are any indication, the generation turned out a lot of dolts.

When the camera came on, Bobby Seale, on my left, spoke of his Black Panthers, who once threatened the police and urged armed conflict, as though they had been in alliance with Martin Luther King, Jr. and Bobby Kennedy; and he seemed to believe that his organization had wrought wonders in the job-training area. William Kunstler, on my right, talked as though the war in Vietnam had had a very satisfactory conclusion; and a corpulent and contented chap next to me purred about how in the intervening years he had become quite wealthy and a living saint.

All this self-congratulation was attended by an intellectual slovenliness of colossal dimensions. It was assumed that anyone who liked the rock music

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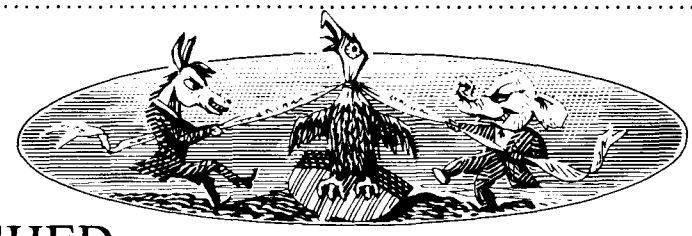
of the 1960s supported radical politics, and that if you were not a radical in the 1960s you were a sorry wallflower, a member of a benighted minority. Well, I hate to be a stickler for detail, but I liked a little popular music in the 1960s and no radical idea ever crossed my mind. More to the point, the largest student activist group of the era was the very conservative Young Americans for Freedom, and in 1972 the youth vote went to Richard Nixon. In fact polling data clearly indicate that the majority of American young people remained quite square.

The idea that the majority of the Republic's young in the 1960s and 1970s was radical is but one of the many inaccurate ideas pushed today by the keepers of the Woodstock myth. Kunstler would have us believe that the peace movement was vindicated by events, but the bloody tyrannies that rose up after the fall of Southeast Asia proved the movement to have been tragically wrong, and recently North Vietnamese officials have boasted to European journalists of how they duped the peace movement. Seale would have us believe that his gun-wielding associates were at the heart of the civil rights movement, though I do not recall his alleged chumminess with Dr. King.

Last month in the media there was much wistful talk of the mellow Woodstock of long ago. Actually the consequences of 1960s radicalism have been squalid, albeit marginal. The gurus of personal liberation can take credit for some of the nation's growing rate of illegitimacy along with a rise in petty lawlessness, drug addiction, welfare, venereal disease, and mental illness. Also education was impaired together with standards of intelligent thought. Thus frauds multiply and prosper, though not always. Bobby Seale, the vaunted revolutionary, complained to me that he is without a publisher for his new book—a cookbook that fell short of the obligatory number of low-salt recipes.

In the 1960s these insufferables were called "the kids," and as they oxidize into middle age they remain kids. After our show, while they roamed that hallowed field congratulating themselves and soiling their shoes, I vamoosed. My pal and I motored back to Manhattan, snickering all the way. He had actually been in SDS. He knew some of the most famous radicals of all, and he knows what wrecks they made of their lives and how tragic their prescriptions were for others. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



REPUBLICANS TARNISHED

by Tom Bethell

Have you ever opened an oven door, not realizing it was on? Whoom! A great wave of heat hits you in the face, and you beat a hasty retreat. That's what it was like to open your hotel door in Dallas. I swear I will *never* complain about Washington summers again. Apart from being too hot, the trouble with Dallas is that it is too far to walk wherever you might be going, and you end up trying to avoid going out of doors for any reason.

Downtown Dallas is a bit of a mystery to me. I hadn't been there for fourteen years. It is about a mile square, and it seems to consist of about fifty skyscrapers set down in the midst of a great deal of Allright parking. Surrounding the skyscraper archipelago, effectively sealing it off, is a great encircling reef of freeways. There seem to be very few shops, restaurants, or even people, as far as I could see. Just a mass of offices piled on top of one another.

On a baking hot Saturday afternoon I went to Neiman-Marcus, one of the few shops on Main Street. Outside the front door of the luxury store there stood an assortment of amateur preachers and winos, nearly all black. They were exchanging jibes and desultory comments back and forth as they waited for the very occasional bus to come trundling up the street. Every now and then, a nervous-looking, well-dressed couple would emerge from the cool, dark shopping cave, only to run a gauntlet of proletarian inspection and comment.

"Let me baptize you!" called out a disheveled wino, his arms out horizontally, as a young couple came out blinking into the glare. They set off walking fast without looking back.

"Yeuoooo brother!" The wino called after the retreating pair. Then he hoisted a quart beer bottle to his lips and took a lengthy swig. "I got the spirit today," he said more quietly to himself, wiping his lips.

"Don't fight the word," said a young black preacher to emerging shoppers. He held a Bible next to his heart, and he wore navy-blue pin-striped trousers and well-polished two-tone brown shoes. "The Son of God kept the Sabbath! I know if you got the Holy Ghost!"

I formed the impression that there might be other rich folk clustered inside the doorway, anxiously peering out to see if the coast was clear. Across the street there was H.L. Green Co., with "Cool Tomato Sandwich Shop," a "Welcome Republicans" sign, huge glass skyscrapers towering up behind, the sun beating down, and the street strewn with paper and leaflets.

"There's no downtown in Dallas," a Neiman-Marcus salesman told me a bit later.

"Business is good all the same," said another.

"When I came here twenty years ago," said the first, "I used to tell people back in New York that the streets in Dallas are so clean that you could eat meals off them."

No one would repeat that old Dallas cliché today—not downtown, at least.

There has been tremendous growth in the suburbs, especially to the north along the LBJ Freeway, where a whole new city seemed to be under instantaneous construction. There you feel the real life of the city may be, and there you can believe that Dallas is the fastest growing city in the country: lots of land, lots of opportunity, and lots of ready and willing labor from across the Rio Grande.

I wanted to go and inspect the tent city organized by a left-wing, U.S. Catholic Conference-funded outfit called Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now. (The Catholic bishops started picking up the ACORN check after the U.S. government—specifically ACTION Director Tom Pauken—stopped funding it in 1981. Pauken then pointed out that the USCC's Campaign for Human Development is in the business of funding leftist causes, to which the bishops responded by raising hell with the White House and trying to get Pauken, a Catholic, fired from his job; so far unsuccessfully.)

The ACORN protestors were encamped in the Trinity River bottoms, near Dealey Plaza. Sorry readers, it would have been worth a visit, but it was just too hot for me that day, and so I decided to go and see some old Dallas friends instead, who live out toward those northerly suburbs.

"Phew," I said when I arrived. "Is it normally this hot in August?"

"Ah known it hotter," said the knobbly old fellow who was walking about pigeon-toed in cowboy boots. (The papers next day said it was 108 degrees at Love Field, a record.)

He had been reading about the ACORN nuts and the peace 'n' justice nasties who were camping out in Dallas, hoping to embarrass the Republicans.

"Reckon the rattlesnakes should get one or two of them," he reflected. The blinds were down and the air conditioner humming.

"Yew mean water moccasins, daddy," said his rhinestone-spectacled wife, who came in from the kitchen carrying a most welcome tray of Coors and Budweiser. At this my spirits soared unaccountably. I felt good about being back in Dallas after so many years.

The next day I went to the famously wealthy First Baptist Church downtown, where a congregation of about 1500 enjoyed a thirty-piece orchestra, a robed choir perhaps 200-strong, and a cogent sermon by its pastor of forty years, Rev. A.W.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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Criswell. Alas I missed the earlier service, with Rev. Jerry Falwell presiding. I suppose that hearing Falwell at First Baptist is the American equivalent of seventeenth-century Englishmen flocking to hear those Puritan divines.

Nevertheless Criswell was on the program at 11 a.m.—an embarrassment of riches indeed! Criswell has the face of a wagon-train leader heading into Indian country. He spoke fluently, without notes, for perhaps 20 minutes, touching on by-now familiar themes: the secular humanism that "tears our schools apart"; Communism; "the awesome inroads of sin that we never named before," and our "enemies with great giant nuclear missiles pointed toward the city of Dallas"—this more a call to repentance than to higher defense spending.

First Baptist inside and out looked to be uncontested Reagan country. (Criswell in fact delivered the final benediction at the Republican Convention.) A voter registration table was set up outside the church, and in a window I saw a sign saying "Reagan Bible Class," whatever that might be.

Well I should hurry on to the convention, which I am sure you are dying to hear about one more time. To tell the truth it really wasn't very thrilling. It *was* a sort of coronation. The convention center was much better than the one in San Francisco, bigger and cooler and more suitable, and with even more press freebies, shamelessly accepted all 'round.

For the delegates it was pretty much a working holiday. Remember they were mostly appointed, not elected, because there weren't any contested Republican primaries. So these were people who had become delegates by virtue of their connections with the Republican hierarchy, not thanks to the voters. That is why they were mostly "moderates" and George Bush types. Sixty-two percent of them supported a nuclear freeze, according to an oft-quoted *Los Angeles Times* poll. (So much for the Republicans' "right-wing" convention.)

I saw something of the Indiana delegation because they were bivouacked at the same hotel. I was impressed at how seriously they took their task, in view of its foreordained outcome. At breakfast on the first day they were earnestly going through an inch-thick briefing book, color-coded, and thumb-indexed, to make sure that they didn't miss out on any meetings or caucuses.

I asked one prominent-looking member of the delegation whom he would support for the nomination in 1988. He, along with about half of the delegation, had been appointed by the party's state central committee. Well, he said, he was for George Bush (as were about 50 percent of all the delegates to the convention). Why? Because he had met him at an Elks Club cocktail party in Indiana a few years ago, and George had seemed like a pretty good fellow. "I think he's got good credentials," my man said.

That, I think, is very much the kind of support that Bush enjoyed at the convention, and enjoys within the party. It is real enough, I suppose, but is likely to prove lukewarm because it has little or nothing to do with the issues. And that, no doubt, is why Bush went out of his way to attack Richard Viguerie and the conservatives when he came to Dallas. He senses, correctly, that as long as there is a wing of the party that *believes in something,* it is likely to prove more influential than the managerial rump that he represents. Bush and his managers are merely the executors of an agenda set by others—and the truth is that they would prefer these "others" to be moderate Democrats rather than conservative Republicans.

The "moderate" Republicans that Bush represents are the precise analogue of Tory Wets in England. Mainly they live in fear that someone

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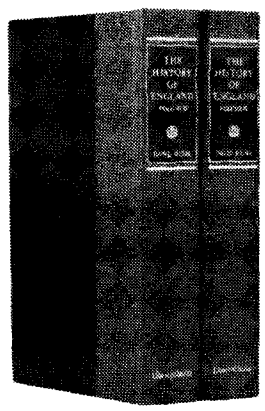

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will take away their inherited privileges, and they are willing to abandon almost all principles in order to prevent this. (Here you have the true meaning of "pragmatism.") Our moderates view the Republican party itself as a font of privilege, a very nice, cozy club with jobs and limousines, honors, paychecks, plush seats in the front row of the stalls, and loyal opposition status. Those who occupy these seats will be most welcome in Washington, and they will be invited to all the right parties—provided (as Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus has observed) that they are willing to lose gracefully on the issues.

At that point in the negotiating the Republican moderates struck what they thought was a tough bargain: Can we lose *slowly* on the issues? they asked. And they were told yes, you may lose slowly. So it was very nice being an important cog in the machinery of government, and an honored dignitary to boot . . . part of our two-party system and please pass the port . . . when, my God, along come these very threatening people who won't accept the terms of the agreement; who don't want to lose at all. They actually want to win! And they claim to be Republicans, threatening to roust one from one's seat; fanatics who were not content just to *watch* the play from the front rows, but who actually wanted to rewrite it and direct it.

So that's why Bush and the Doledrums and Sen. Baker don't like the conservatives. But my sense is that as long as the Republican party continues to *vote* for its presidential candidate (in primaries), these people are not likely to do very well at the grassroots level.

On the first day I went to hear Jeane Kirkpatrick speak. She is not a "moderate," but then she is not a Republican either. I liked what she had to say, and she was well received by the delegates, but I am not sure that she came across on TV all that well. In any event her repudiation of the "San Francisco Democrats" (as a party *lately* gone haywire) was much better than Barry Goldwater's wretched reference to "Democrat wars" (implying a party permanently at fault). Kirkpatrick's comments were calculated to win Republican converts; Goldwater's to dissipate Republican strength.

One day I heard M. Stanton Evans say in the Railroad Lounge: "What the Republican party needs is some orators." Undistinguished as they were, the Republican speakers sounded considerably more conservative in Dallas than when they are safely within the Washington, D.C. beltway. One is reminded of Senator Dole's cynical comment that the GOP platform (supposedly so conservative, but actually less so than in 1980, according to Howard Phillips), would be "forgotten in five minutes." In other words, it was a document for Dallas, not Washington.

Even Gerry Ford was heard to make one or two pro-Reagan utterances from the podium. This time last year he came out for the Washington consensus position of higher taxes and less defense spending. Bob *Dole,* no less, was heard to extol the achievements of Reaganomics, even though in Washington he is putty in the hands of the Tax Increase Consensus. In Dallas, for the benefit of the folks back home, he shucked his "growth."

Well, I certainly didn't want to spend a whole evening listening to Gerry Ford and the Doledrums, so I eagerly accepted when Tom Pauken asked me if I would like to go with him to the party given by Nelson Bunker Hunt at his ranch about 30 miles away.

Somewhere north of Fort Worth, it seemed to be. I vaguely imagined when we drove out there that sitting around a table would be: Pauken, Bunker, and myself, with maybe a few others from some inner circle of true belief. There

(continued on page 43)

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R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

THE LIBERAL CRACK-UP

Having spent 15 years studying *Homo liberalis,*
Dr. Tyrrell emerges from his lab to reveal some findings.

What do the Liberals of the New Age think in their heart of hearts? Since the late 1960s these ardent pontificators have infiltrated the Republic with sundry brands of cheap thought, all promising the esoteric insight, the higher understanding, good vibes, or some other infantile desiderata. They have politicized heretofore virgin areas of American life. They have pelted us with misnomers, presumptuous cant, and suffering situations that leave the world appearing lugubrious and pathetic. By the early 1980s the *gringo* citizenry had been dragged through hundreds of unlovely episodes of which Vietnam, Watergate, Jonestown, the racial hullabaloo over the Atlanta murders, and the Iranian "hostage crisis" were only the most clamorous.

Still what the Liberals of the New Age really favor remains mysterious. As the era aged, the incoherence of their credenda worsened, suggesting that a kind of uninhibited senility was settling upon the movement. Their whole agenda was in flux. Smoking in public places, once a chic right defended by the forward-lookers, is of a sudden a deadly affront, subject to a new prohibition. Exuberant carnality, previously boomed as salubrious and liberating, is devalued, reassessed as "sexual harassment," and considered a prelude to rape. Throughout the era the number of good causes the Liberals abandoned was exceeded only by the number they betrayed. What, then, is it that they are really after?

Studious analysis of all relevant materials and much prayerful meditation have led me to conclude that Liberals in the New Age have, indeed, had one sublime goal that unites all the diverse enthusiasts: All felt enjoined by high principle to disturb their neighbors, most of whom they dismissed as idiots. This mighty goal is the great constant of their public lives: their ad hoc committees, letters to the editor, protest demonstrations, and every "issue" from "peace" to animal rights.

At times, I admit, it appears that the Liberals' goal is really to abridge the Bill of Rights and to limit personal liberty, for their reforms are frequently being frustrated by the common man's liberty-loving ways, and they often leap to restrain him. But then, just as we are ready to categorize the New Age Liberal as *au fond* an opponent of freedom, he begins thrusting upon us exotic freedoms whose *bona fides* even the late Jean-Jacques Rousseau might have doubted—for instance: our absolute dirty-book rights, the right to deaden our brains with drugs, the right to pull down our pants in public. Does this make the Liberal an absolutist for freedom? As likely as not he is equally vehement about mandatory and inescapable automobile seat belts. To what is he really devoted? The only constant in all his multifarious good causes and pious tantrums is the noble goal of disturbing his neighbors; and, if peace and justice be our goals, it is worth noting that this noble goal is legally termed "disturbing the peace," a misdemeanor in all civilized criminal codes.

Sometimes the noble goal is merely adumbrated, as when the New Age consumerist forced upon the Republic medicine bottles that were nearly unopenable, particularly by the sick; or when the career do-gooders, acting with their customary furtiveness, suddenly plowed up our sidewalks, leaving mischievous channels through which a solitary wheelchair might pass. In the meantime thousands of us stumble into the infernal depressions, presenting the Liberals with the happy prospect that still more of us may become handicapped, at least temporarily, thus qualifying as fit subjects for their odious compassion.

Yet at other times the New Age Liberal has been very forthcoming about his noble goal, which, as I have suggested, is probably criminal. "Challenge the orthodox," the pol of the New Age is wont to say. "Confront the iniquitous" is another of his lines, along with "Afflict the comfortable." Once removed from the coy realms of politics the New Age Liberal is even more blatant. The art critic bases almost all his aesthetic judgments on the oft-repeated belief that art's transcendent purpose is to disturb us: to scrape the bones, crack the skull, gouge eyes, and tear off an ear. Modern art, if it is truly aglow with Minerva's light, is supposed to make us feel like morons. The New Age cleric is just as avid for disturbance. Today he hounds the faithful into holding hands in church and embracing perfect strangers; tomorrow he will have them placing their thumbs perpendicular to their noses while wagging their fingers at their next-door neighbors. Then there is the New Age prof who abominates all Christendom on the premise that his students must experience his violence if ever they are to shake the bourgeois coil and enter the palmy provinces of Dr. Karl Marx and Dr. Leo Buscaglia. Yet no New Age eminento that I have ever known has believed that he is similarly improved by having his life disturbed. That is going too far, and those who would disturb him are the agents of reaction or the late Senator Joseph McCarthy or some other horror from the dank of American history.

In strict political terms, then, the New Age Liberal has been neither libertarian nor authoritarian. He has been a pest, a public nuisance, and somewhat deranged at that.[1] To probe the cause of his derangement is to discover the causes for the New Age itself. It was created willy-nilly by those who could not bear the burden of personal freedom, rationalism, relativism, and affluence, all of which proved to be too much for vast herds of our progressive brethren and sistren. Thus they attempted to soothe themselves with a new system of values and ideas. The values and ideas are very wretched; but that did not restrain progressives from attempting to inflict

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., philanthropist and humanitarian, is the founder and editor-in-chief of The American Spectator. *This essay is adapted from his new book,* The Liberal Crack-Up, *which is being published this month by Simon and Schuster.*

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them on their fellow Americans. Happily, some areas of American life have remained tolerably invulnerable; but other areas—for instance, academe—have almost wholly capitulated and so gone to seed.

A fundamental cause of the New Age was the Liberals' inability to tolerate freedom. It is a matter of record that throughout the 1970s, despite all their sententious testimonials to liberation, many a vaunted absolutist for liberty called in the cops at the first sign of discomfort. Very few New Age Liberals could abide a society in which others too were free. Some could not even endure their own freedom. They had worn bikinis. Now they yearned for straitjackets.

A second cause of the New Age was the Liberals' reaction to rationalism. It is an old story: After rationalism has done its work, irrationality enters. After Socrates came the mystery religions. After our own protracted examination of all that ordinary Americans had customarily taken on faith, many were left fearful; even many so-called rationalists were shivering. On came the 1970s cults, their members for the most part coming from the ranks of the reputedly well educated. A generation before, the Liberals would have subjected the cults to the utmost scrutiny and even derision. Now, however, many stalwart Liberals were themselves cowering in rationalism's wake.

Our whole belief system, every aspect of human existence had for a century been exposed to rationalistic analysis. All those timeless arrangements, traditions, prejudices, and nods to the supernatural that comfort ordinary men and women had been rendered dubious. The certitudes of a certain morality fell into doubt. Furthermore, prodded by rationalism and relativism, the Liberals abandoned practically all standards of judgment. The ensuing chill and pitiless reality were too much for the weak-witted children of rationalism and the free society. They mutinied against both and opted for unreason and statism. Some even accepted gods as long as they were suitably Oriental, inscrutable, and idiotic.

Yet if freedom, rationalism, and relativism were fundamental to the New Age's rise, affluence gave it its childish imbecility and unique staying power. At no other time in Western history had the flotsam and jetsam floated and jetted so comfortably. All the sages of the hour agreed that the inner life had grown painful, but material life was becoming wonderfully painless. The consequences of one's most egregious botches could be relieved or hidden away with a new purchase: The failed husband diverts himself with a new Corvette; the failed government diverts the voters with a new political giveaway. In the New Age, affluence turned large numbers of supposedly well-educated citizens into arrested adolescents, lost in idiot bliss, bereft of any sense of tragedy or even danger. They ignored history. They grew oblivious to reality. On those rare occasions when some glint of it peeped through their clouds of fantasy they became very angry. The Liberalism of the New Age had become a long, angry war with life.

At no other time in Western history had the flotsam and jetsam floated and jetted so comfortably.

The most basic casualty of Liberalism's war has been trust. By ascribing ignoble values so widely throughout our society, the Liberals gravely damaged all faith in institutions, in individuals, even in the future; and without faith societies begin to fall apart. The Liberals' problem was that they had come into the world as idealists, and in every idealist exists a cynic. Better it is to be a realist facing up to the world as it is than to fall into the stupidity of the cynic, the fool who praised gods that never were only to end up admonishing against bugaboos equally quixotic. After the New Age Liberal had had his say women did not trust the marriage bed, blacks did not trust whites, no one trusted a producer of any kind. Many doubted the arrival of tomorrow. Doctors, lawyers, businessmen, scientists—in fact, experts in almost every walk of life—saw their authority evaporate. As in decadent societies of old, morale sagged. The reward for doing right was abuse or disbelief. The smart fellow was encouraged to cut corners. This is the legacy that the moral hams of the New Age brought into American life, and whether America could ever recover what the founding fathers called its Republican virtue would be in doubt for years to come.[2]

Notwithstanding all the historic reforms, no one ever said thank you. For well over a decade the American people conferred benefits on a growing mob of suffering situations, but gratitude and increased affection for the Grand Old Republic were not to be included in the transaction. Throughout the 1970s the "rage" among the beneficiaries of government programs seemed to grow apace with the programs until their contempt for the Republic surpassed that of the late Confederacy's wildest firebrand. Certainly I cannot recall any Confederate denunciation of the Union to equal the criminal allegations lodged in the editorials of that composite of New Age beefs, the *Nation,* or heard at an assemblage of the National Organization for Women or the Congressional Black Caucus. My guess is that A. Lincoln would have taken one glance at the rants against the Republic issuing from these sources, and he would have sent Grant's constabulary into action.

With the exception of redressing the legitimate grievances of Southern blacks, none of the benefits showered upon the suffering situations in the 1970s would have been ordered by the Founding Fathers, most of whom would laugh deliriously to hear of the Santa Clauses and Utopias that New Age Liberal bureaucrats and judges claimed to find in the Constitution. Yet sometime in the 1960s the extravagant potlatch began, bestowing fanciful rights and hundreds of billions of dollars upon millions of Americans. Sometimes the government had to send out beaters to locate the newly authorized recipients of these so-called entitlements. Other times, stern groups led by professional rabble-rousers demanded aid under penalty of some horrible response—say, the immolation of their own neighborhood. At any rate, by the early 1980s largess beyond the wildest dreams of Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been spent on the poor and the angry, yet no one seemed to be grateful. Nor were the poor better off. In fact now they were often totally dependent on federal programs and practically everyone was indignant. America was becoming one of the most emotional nations on earth. There was more public sobbing than at an Iranian funeral; and the fist-pounding could be deafening.

No Americans were more angered by the Republic than the New Age Liberals; yet, it is a mistake to believe that their contempt issued from "Liberal guilt." It issued from a colossal egotism. One that swelled into grandiosity. One that left them seeing themselves as giants standing athwart the nation and admonishing 225 million idiots and miscreants. These braggarts made life in the Republic very uncomfortable for civilized Americans. In the most unlikely settings one of them, inflated by the grandiosity of the age, might begin boasting of his compassion, sensitivity, and worse. Self-dramatics replaced civics; at times it even replaced personal morality.

I found that dinner parties could become particularly gruesome affairs. There you would sit while the guest next to you launched into a sugary monologue the sole point of which was to display his or her personal goodness: how he or she had wept over the morning news, or been overcome while trying to empathize with some victim of misfortune, how he or she could no longer bear the suffering of a cut flower. When the bilge began to flow I would feel a premonitory queasiness. I would try diligently to get drunk in hopes of seeing the world from my dinner companion's point of view. This helped, particularly if the wine was good.

What is odd is that as the world became decidedly more unstable and parlous these self-regarding snots never smartened up. They acted as though America could continue to be diabolized and debilitated with no attendant danger to themselves. They abominated Washington, D.C., and all lesser outposts of its authority much the same as V.S. Naipaul tells us the Third Worlder rejects the West—that is to say, "within the assumption that there will always exist out there a living, creative civilization, oddly neutral, open to all to appeal to." At his first tremor of distress the New Age Liberal reflexively turns to Washington. All his schemes to save mankind have been predicated on using the power of the very country he is execrating and deauthorizing. Yet he has gone on

[1]Notwithstanding all the Liberal's poesy about compassion, tolerance, and decency, his capacity for intolerance, violence, and hatred is often quite breathtaking. Time and again he and his colleagues fall upon some poor fish who is out of harmony with them politically or intellectually, and when they have finished abominating him in all their forums of influence he is a ruin, his name having been transformed into another of America's metaphors for evil. One thinks of the assault on James Watt, Ronald Reagan's first Secretary of the Interior. He may have been imprudent; he may have been a fool; but when the Liberal brethren were done with him he had been transformed into the embodiment of evil; and once they had bounced him from government they kept reviling him at every opportunity. They are colossal haters.

[2]Republican virtue is different from the democratic virtue of the Liberal. It calls for self-restraint, self-government, self-reliance. Democratic virtue, on the other hand, encourages aggressiveness against one's fellow citizens and reliance on government to establish "social justice" in the society.

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shouting, as though that source of power would always be there "open to all to appeal to."

The derangement of the New Age Liberal grew eerily similar to the universal mental derangement of the Third World *enragés*. At American universities or wherever the Liberal brethren and sistren dwelt in large numbers one could perceive inchoate stirrings of what appeared to be The Resentment and The Confusion. As with some Oxford-educated jurist in Uganda, the seemingly well-educated New Age Liberals were slowly but perceptibly slipping back into primitivism. One saw it in their suspicion of science, the profit motive, and that agglomeration of manners and values we call civilization. One saw it in their mode of debate wherein syllogisms had been replaced by jeers: "trickle down, trickle down," "domino theory, domino theory"; speakers out of favor with the regnant bunkum were barred from the podium amidst terms of high opprobrium: "Cold Warrior! Cold Warrior!" "fascist! fascist!" Finally, one saw it in the New Age Liberals' policy alternatives, which amounted to empty incantations: "Neo-Liberalism," "high tech," "New Industrial Policy."

There the descendants of the proud New Deal stood, five decades after the original great doings, like members of some ever-hopeful cargo cult on a far-off atoll. At the appointed hour all would break into gibbers, weird and incomprehensible. There was nothing new about "Neo-Liberalism" whatsoever; all that had changed was that these Neo-Liberals had moved closer to socialism and appeasement. New Industrial Policy merely meant still more social and economic planning of the kind that had failed so thunderously during the heady days of the Great Society when such programs as Model Cities were established to "revitalize" our older cities. A decade later Model Cities had achieved just the opposite: Our major cities had been transformed into decaying shells. The most vacuous incantation of all was "high tech." What could high tech possibly mean to people who had no idea of how wealth is created, no understanding of its value, no sense of personal responsibility, no reasonable expectation for life whatsoever? Aside from disturbing others, New Age Liberalism had become a pointless affair; and pointless civilizations cannot endure. By comparison even the civilization of the Marxist-Leninists on the far side of the Iron Curtain had more point to it. The Soviets were for coercion; the American Liberal was for petty mischief. Of the two, the former's prospects are more promising. □

Vladimir Bukovsky

AMERICA'S CRACK-UP

American foreign policy is an amateur's delight.

Exactly one hundred years before I was born, the great Russian writer Nikolai Gogol prophetically described Russia as a troika rushing headlong for no apparent reason or purpose, just for the joy of fast driving:

O troika, thou bird of a troika! Who was it that first thought thee up? It must have been a resourceful nation that gave thee birth in a land that brooks no nonsense, but has spread its plains, smoothly, evenly, over half of the world; and now go, count its milestones until everything is blurred before your eyes.

And no elaborate job either is this contraption of a vehicle. No iron screws hold it together. An ax and a chisel—that was all a smart Yaroslav peasant needed to make it and fit it in a jiffy. The driver wears no German top boots: he is all beard and mittens, and he sits on—the Devil alone knows what it is he sits on. But the moment he has half-risen in his seat, has swung his whip and struck up a song, off shoot the horses like a whirlwind. . . .

. . . And thou, Russia, art not thou, too, rushing headlong like the fastest troika that is not to be outdistanced? The road smokes under thee, the bridges rumble, everything falls back and is left behind. Lost in amazement at this, God's own miracle, stands the onlooker. Is this not a flash of lightning sent down from heaven? What is the meaning of this awe-inspiring onrush? What is the mysterious force that is contained in these steeds? O ye steeds, steeds—what steeds they are! Do whirlwinds dwell in your manes? Is every fibre of yours endowed with a quick, eager ear of its own? The moment you hear the familiar song above your heads, you strain your mighty chests of bronze, all as one, all at the same instant, and barely touching the earth with your hoofs, you become transformed into straight lines flying through the air, and the troika dashes along, all inspired by God. Russia, whither art thou speeding? Answer me! . . . She gives no answer. The jingle bells pour forth their wonderful peal, the air, torn to shreds, thunders and turns to wind. Everything on earth is flying past, and the other nations and states, eyeing her askance, make way for her and draw aside.

The contemporaries of Gogol were at a loss at how to interpret such a strange prophecy. The Russia of their time was a fabulously immobile country; no apparent rush was in evidence, or even hinted at. But now, a century and a half later, we have no difficulty identifying even the smallest details of the picture.

Who is so blind nowadays who cannot recognize this contraption of a vehicle called "developed socialism," put together by a smart peasant in the hurry of a five-year plan out of odd bits and pieces procured from foreign lands? The Devil alone knows how the driver manages to hold on when the horses dash along, and why the unwieldy carriage does not fall apart at the first bump.

And the steeds, those steeds . . . what steeds they are! I could write a whole poem about what these steeds think when they hear above their heads the all too familiar songs of proletarian solidarity and fraternal assistance, of eternal duty and the bright future. Their only hope is that the driver will somehow tumble down and break his neck as, all as one, they strain their mighty chests.

Still, the problem remains. No one knows where the carriage is going. She

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gives no answer, but continues her awe-inspiring onrush through Asia, Africa, and Central America. And the other nations and states, at their wits' end after trying everything from containment to détente, still make way for her and draw aside.

Unfortunately, I wasn't able to find in American literature of the nineteenth century anything equally prophetic and graphic to symbolize modern America. Perhaps I didn't search hard enough, but neither Mark Twain's steamboat on the Mississippi nor the great white whale of Melville could satisfy me.

But just as I was fishing for an appropriate passage in the old books, I happened to look down to the street—and there he was, our symbol in flesh and blood. Speeding recklessly along on roller skates was a middle-aged Californian (about 45 years old, I'd say, judging by his grayish beard) in defiantly red swimming trunks, mouth chewing gum and steadily making bubbles, ears plugged safely by Walkman earphones. His eyes seemed to be the only part of his body not entirely pleased with their occupation. They expressed total amazement, as if repeating that favorite American phrase: "What's going on here?" I imagine this amazement would disappear if our friend could watch TV at the same time.

As outraged as some Americans might be by this image of their country, the resemblance is too striking to deny. This great nation of pioneers and gold prospectors, this land of opportunity and tough competition has become effeminated by a few decades of peace, prosperity, and Social Security. It has become obsessed with the pursuit of pleasure, comfort, and entertainment, as if being happy were a constitutional obligation. Irrespective of their age, Americans are supposed to be "kids," and the ultimate objective of their lives is to have "fun."

The world may be going to pieces, but the best-selling books in America are about diet, health, sports, and sex. And to hell with the world, so long as "our boys" are not being killed somewhere, or not involved in anything troublesome.

Like all egocentrics, Americans feel that the world exists only in their perception and, therefore, the less they know about external troubles the less they themselves are troubled. This is not just ignorance, but a deliberately cultivated mental block. External problems appear in the minds of Americans only when their government becomes involved in them. Is it any wonder that these same problems are always looked upon as being *caused* by the American government?

Like all children, Americans are blissfully irreponsible and demanding, but at the same time very generous. Quite consistent with this attitude is the popular notion of foreign policy as some sort of charity: If everything at home is in good shape, why not go and help some poor people abroad? Nothing more sophisticated than a relief convoy or a few billion dollars—perhaps an arms sale in the extreme case of a highly sentimental issue.

This great nation of pioneers and gold prospectors, this land of opportunity and tough competition has become effeminated by a few decades of peace, prosperity, and Social Security.

In truth, the American people don't mind foreign policy so long as it doesn't require any effort or sacrifice on their part. They don't mind having the CIA so long as it doesn't do anything. They don't even mind having some sort of army—after all, other nations have armies too for some odd reason—but also on the condition that it not be used anywhere, and, above all, that no one get hurt. In short, Americans view foreign relations as something primarily ceremonial and formal—like the Queen's visit to California, or an extra holiday in Paris when the rate of exchange is very favorable for the dollar.

Not surprisingly, those who manage now and then to tear themselves away from the TV screens and earphones are divided into two unequal groups: the "liberals" and the "conservatives." I use these terms as they are used in the U.S., although I've never been able to understand them. As my friend, Russian poet Naum Korzhavin, once observed: "I am a liberal too, but I am a severe liberal."

This term "liberal" in the American context does not mean anything definite, or anything similar to traditional European liberalism. In fact, it's nothing but an extreme mental aberration best described by the Russian saying: that it is like a dog in reverse because it barks at its own folks and wags its tail in front of a stranger.

Another peculiarity of American liberals is that they never know what they want, but they want it very badly. They are always well organized, well financed, and on some campaign or other. They are a minority, but a very noisy one, and forever on the offensive, no matter what the cause.

It would definitely be a mistake to call these people "left-wingers," at least in the European sense of the word. The European left is ideological, philosophical—and one can have an intelligent argument with them. They may agree or disagree, but they are willing to change their views under the pressure of arguments and events, and they will remain friends with you despite the disagreement. In short, they have certain principles and ideas, and they formulate and develop their views according to what they have learned. For example, even the Communists in Europe now reject the so-called "Soviet model of socialism" and have no illusions about the aggressive nature of the Soviet system. Italian and Spanish Communists have even gone so far as to acknowledge the need for the NATO alliance. If nothing else, they need it to protect their own "model of socialism" from the Soviet dictate.

When watching American TV or looking through American newspapers, on the other hand, I sometimes get the feeling that American liberals haven't changed in thirty years. What else could I conclude after watching Professor Kennan show American viewers photographs of happy Soviet children, mothers, and babies as proof of peaceful Soviet intentions? I certainly hope that Americans stand in no particular need of persuasion by Mr. Kennan that the Soviet people have neither horns nor tails, but I really am surprised that American liberals have not learned to distinguish the Soviet people from the Soviet system.

At least Europeans, even those on the left, remember that the Nazis could enjoy Bach and Mozart and could also be good husbands and loving fathers and at the same time could exterminate Jews in the gas chambers. At least they, in Europe, are clever enough to listen to the stories of thousands of political refugees coming in wave after wave from the Soviet Union, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Vietnam, Cambodia, Ethiopia . . .

Not so in America. A few months ago PBS produced a remarkable film called "Russians Are Here" which used every trick possible to distort the truth about refugees from the Soviet Union—presenting them as misfits, drunks, and, above all, as people who "regret" their decision to emigrate, who don't know what to do with the freedom America has given them, and who even "miss the KGB" (the very words used in the film by a narrator). The producers must have spent many weeks trying to locate the most bizarre characters out of some 200,000 recent emigrants; they must have spent miles of film to be able to cut the appropriate passages out of lengthy interviews; and they miraculously managed to avoid a single case of success—all of it just to prove to the American people that the "Russians" (as they persistently call the Soviet Jews recently arrived in this country) are generally happy with the regime back home, do not deserve anything better, and, therefore, should be of no real concern to the American public when news comes of more repression in the USSR. This outrageous forgery was made with public money and shown repeatedly all over the country despite vehement protests from the refugee communities. Just try to make a similar move about Hispanics or about emigrants from, say, Chile, and the press will crucify

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you for instigating national hatred and for persecuting a national minority. You may even be sued in court for millions—all of it by the very same liberals.

No, your liberals will never learn. They are here to teach us about ourselves, not to learn.

What is most remarkable about liberals is that their persistently wrong judgment never affects their credibility. Regardless of what happens they remain untouchable, free of moral responsibility, a shining example to us all. Did they not assure us in the past that the Vietcong had nothing to do with the Communists—that they were just "nationalists" fighting for the independence of their motherland? For decades liberals have been shouting at the top of their voices that their critics are "too simplistic." Yet did they not assure us that the PLO was just a patriotic organization with no Soviet connections? Did they not scream that Americans were the aggressors and should withdraw from Southeast Asia without fear of the "domino effect"? Today they advise us that Central American guerrillas aren't like all the others and that there will be no "domino effect" in Central America, no new Communist strongholds and bases, no totalitarian oppression of Central American nations.

These very same people once assured us that Castro is a "true revolutionary," that Angola is not a Communist state, and that Cuban troops in Angola are just "stabilizing the situation." They assured Carter that Sandinistas are not Communists and, as such, deserve American support. They persuaded Carter that the Shah must leave Iran and that there would be no revolution. Millions have died and lost their homelands because of their relentless moralizing and bad judgment, but our liberals don't give a damn about these nations. And they are never responsible for all the rivers of blood and mountains of corpses produced by their progressive protégés around the world.

But what about the majority, the conservatives? Unfortunately, they are still a silent majority. Whereas liberals always want something very badly, traditional conservatives want nothing from this world at all, only that it remain as it is. They may grumble about the liberals' frenzied activism; they may complain to each other about liberal bias in the media. But just try to get them to organize, to get them into the streets, or even to vote for a conservative candidate on a rainy day!

For example, we all know how dangerous the so-called "nuclear freeze," "non-first-use," and other numerous peace campaigns aimed at disarming the United States could become. We also understand, I hope, that given the fabulous naiveté of our 45-year-old baby on roller skates, the peace movement requires only a modicum of financial support to make its campaign a pivotal political factor. All it needs is a well-planned rock concert to endorse any suicidal political idea. Indeed, on March 25 the *New York Times* published an article by Kathleen Teltsch entitled "Philanthropies Focus Concern on Arms Race," which spoke of the open commitment of the biggest American foundations to make "the prevention of nuclear war to be to the 80s what civil rights was to the 60s." Since these words belong to Mr. William Dietel, president of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, one imagines that the millions designated by the Carnegie, Ford, MacArthur, George Gund, and other foundations are not going to be spent promoting the idea of a stronger defense policy. We can be warned in advance, then, that a huge effort is under way to brainwash the American public into accepting unrestrained Soviet blackmail.

And do conservatives plan to counter this effort of massive public opinion manipulation? Do they reach for their check books and try to match this gigantic liberal fund-raising, dollar for dollar? Do they mobilize activist groups across the country, in every town and on every campus? Do they plan lectures, workshops, petition drives, rallies, exhibitions, festivals, media events? Of course not. A few years from now they will sit around and grumble, blaming the liberal media, popular ignorance, Soviet agents—everyone but themselves.

The problem with conservatives is their belief that the truth is self-evident and does not need to be marketed, advertised, or otherwise promoted. The mere word "propaganda" makes them shudder, just as the word "nuclear" leaves the liberals furious. Unfortunately, neither nuclear power nor ideological warfare is about to go away.

The twentieth century, with its industrial revolution and technological progress, has changed the face of human society irrevocably. It has provided us with the means of mass destruction, and so placed a far greater responsibility on everyone. On a more mundane level, it has provided comfort and security, thereby making us soft and vulnerable by playing on our conformist tendencies. But, most importantly, it has created means of mass communication, mass media, and thus mass culture and mass psychology.

Another peculiarity of American liberals is that they never know what they want, but they want it very badly.

As a result, we all are close neighbors now, irrespective of geographic location. It takes only about 15 minutes for a missile to reach the opposite side of the globe. It takes only a fraction of a second for news to reach the same destination. Strictly speaking, there is no longer any such thing as purely internal affairs.

What is so often overlooked is that political tools have also changed. We live in an era of ideological wars, with mass ideologies, mass propaganda, and mass movements as their indispensable instruments. Sovereignty and national borders, war and diplomacy, peace and stability—all these notions of the nineteenth century have become obsolete. The nuclear weapon is not a weapon in the strictly military sense of the word, but a huge psychological factor in the ongoing ideological war. War is no longer simply military confrontation between nations, but anything from popular unrest to terrorism and guerrilla movements. And the battlefield of modern war does not confine itself to the borders of nations, but it exists in people's minds, whether in Indiana or Siberia. And what are peace and stability in this context? They have lost all meaning. Stability of what? Of a concentration camp, or of Fifth Avenue? And what do we mean by peace? A continuation of the "class struggle" and of "liberation," the triumph of Islam, the capitulation of democracy?

The trouble is that Americans in general and conservatives in particular stubbornly refuse to accept the political consequences of technological progress, that very progress to which their country has contributed more than any other nation. They simply refuse to enter the twentieth century politically.

The Communists were the first to grasp these new realities and to utilize the opportunities they offer. They have mastered the art of ideological war to the point of perfection. Their ultimate goal may be absurd, their concept of history may be ridiculous, their methods unscrupulous and cruel, but they fit perfectly into the twentieth-century socio-political environment, much as an epidemic of plague befitted the Middle Ages.

Say what you will about Comrade Lenin, but he was a tactical genius, and the first to think up this contraption of a vehicle which continues to rumble across the world. Sixty years after his death, the Soviet Union remains the same ideological state serving the purposes of the world revolution as he had conceived it. Never mind that no one nowadays believes in Communist ideology. In their everyday life the Soviet people perceive it as a nuisance, or as a source of the numerous jokes shared equally by the people and their rulers. But at the end of the day, the Communist party is still in firm control of every aspect of Soviet life, and Communist ideology is never challenged within the Party.

What was once a utopia, a dream, became a structure, an institution, and an everyday job for millions of people. They might hate it wholeheartedly, but there is no other choice: Either be a part of the system, or be locked up until death comes to your rescue. And the famous troika still rushes onward, its horses cursing the driver, its driver cursing the horses, and together all cursing the damned foreigners who so obligingly give way and draw aside.

The difference between professionals and amateurs is usually defined in terms of payment. Professionals, it is said, are those who are paid for their work, while amateurs do it for fun. In

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my view this definition is misleading. People in the State Department or in the CIA are also paid, but are they professionals? Let me give you a better definition: Professionals hate their job, but they do it well; amateurs enjoy what they are doing, but they do it badly.

A friend of mine once overheard the following conversation while riding on the Moscow underground, a conversation between a lieutenant and a captain, quite ordinary guys going home to their wives and kids after a long day at the office.

"You know," said the lieutenant, "I still can't get over the unfair treatment you received. Just think of it, you worked on that damned Ethiopia for three years, and just when things started moving they replaced you with that fool with the high connections. And now that the people you found, prepared, and promoted in Ethiopia have came to power in their 'glorious revolution,' this fool gets promoted to major. But you are still a captain. What dirty play."

Tomorrow, our deeply offended captain may defect to the West and come to New York. He will display a remarkable knowledge of the advantages of democracy upon arrival—no need to educate him about the great American liberties. He knew about them all along, even while masterminding a bloody revolution in Ethiopia, even while professionally subverting those very liberties. But as long as he is still in the Soviet Union, he will do his job very well. He is probably doing it as a matter of duty right now in El Salvador. He hates what he does, but he does it well.

Yes, the Soviet system is a gigantic professional machinery of subversion which has entrapped 275 million people. Of course, the Soviet system is not perfect, it makes its share of mistakes, but who is here to exploit them? Soviet policy is planned some twenty years in advance with considerable precision, and to be successful the U.S. response must be equally precise and well planned. But what in fact do we have? A bunch of very nice amateurs, a sloppy system of policy-making comprised of chaotic and sporadic reactions to yesterday's events. No long-term concept, no policy, just reactions when the trouble becomes too apparent.

This is not to say that the United States lacks gifted people, or that they never produce good ideas. Zero Option, the withdrawal from UNESCO, the threat to exile the United Nations to Moscow—these were brilliant ideas. But they have to be developed into a principle, a concept, to become effective.

To begin with, no one in the vast U.S. foreign policy apparatus knows what the U.S. wants from the Soviets. Nor has anybody ever tried to formulate this question. Once I raised this matter with several friends working within different branches of the American government, and all of them came up with different answers. Some said it would be just fine if the Soviets left us alone, others said they'd like to see the Soviets lose their grip on Eastern Europe, or show some respect for the human rights of their people. But no one ever tried to establish how any of this might be remotely possible.

What is more, there seems to be total disagreement on what the Soviets want from us. Are they really frightened and paranoic, as some continue to insist, or are they still pursuing Lenin's plan of world revolution? Or, perhaps, something else? Just a few thousand miles from us is a political system that has enslaved several hundred million people for half a century, that backs every enemy we might have, that can destroy the globe five times over, and still we know not what they want from us or we from them.

Meanwhile, numerous negotiations are conducted and agreements signed without any clear understanding of either side's objectives. It's not even known whether the terminology used in these agreements has the same meaning for both sides. And no sooner are they signed than, lo and behold, they are violated by the Soviets. So, does the U.S. then declare these agreements null and void? Of course not. Instead, it rushes to the negotiating tables to start all over again. Why?

In the absence of any defining concept, American foreign policy vis-à-vis the Soviet Union has become governed by a few "golden rules" created out of fear, impotence, and frustration.

The most "golden" of these rules and definitely the most absurd is "keep talking." Can anyone prove that to "keep talking" is better than to "quit talking"? Are there any facts to support this rule? Did anyone ever try not to "keep talking"? Of course not. Unfortunately, this "rule" is not simply a matter of innocent stupidity, for it implies, first of all, that the organic differences between democratic and totalitarian societies can be resolved by a negotiated settlement. This misleading notion misrepresents the East-West conflict as a sort of tragic misunderstanding that can be cleared up only if we "engage in constructive dialogue," "try to understand each other," "sit down and talk," or perform some other rite of liberal nonsense calculated to lay the blame on the West for not trying to "understand" the poor Soviets.

On the other hand, the "keep talking" rule deprives the West of much-needed flexibility and initiative in choosing when to talk and when not to, and on what conditions and for what purpose, while leaving the Soviets under no obligation to "keep talking." As a result, American policy is left hostage to Soviet interests and dependent on Soviet "approval." The success of American policy is therefore judged by the number of "agreements" concluded between the two sides, by the number of "talks," "dialogues," and concessions made to—and not by—the Soviets. At the same time, such criteria confuse the notion of what "normal" relations between the East and West are. If American policy serves Soviet interests and the Soviets condescend to a "dialogue," relations are said to be "normalizing."

Underlying this strange "rule" is an understandable fear: It is too scary not to keep talking. Just as a frightened child lost in the woods starts talking loudly to himself to dispel the dark shadows, Americans believe that talking to the Soviets will dispel the threat of war.

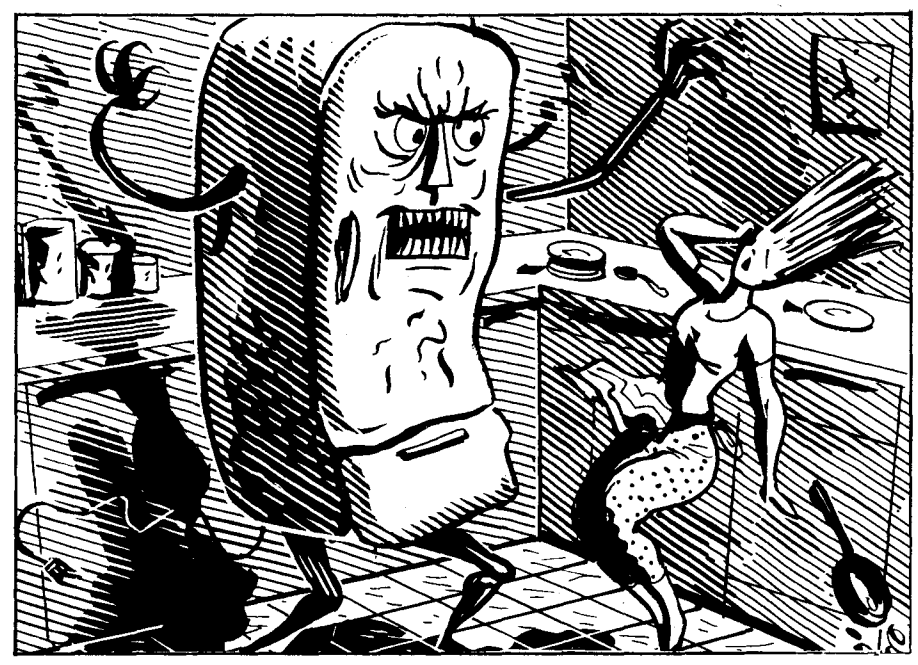
But to add insult to injury, a second "golden rule" comes into play as soon as "talks" start: "Better something than nothing." Perhaps this would be a good rule to follow in a democracy, or when dealing with another democratic country. But when dealing with the likes of the Soviets, this is a sure way to get mugged: They'll take what they want from you in exchange for "something" neither you nor they care about. The Americans will celebrate this as an achievement: After all, they will have obtained "something" from the Soviets, and something is surely better than nothing.

One small problem: Even this "something" is not likely to be delivered by the Soviets, not that international relations will suffer. For as soon as their cheating becomes obvious the next "golden rule" takes over: "We-should-not-demand-too-much-from-the-Russians," "We-should-not-press-them-into-a-corner." In practical terms, this means that we should not demand anything, even what was promised by them under an international agreement. Meanwhile, our side should of course continue to deliver: We are civilized people, aren't we, and cannot imitate Soviet behavior, can we?

Thus, even if the Soviets manage to get themselves into a truly tough corner, when they make a really serious mistake and the moment comes to force them to retreat, to make them give back whatever they have previously grabbed, American "professionals" cry out, all as one: "Leave them a Golden Bridge," "Let them save face." And everyone rushes to save face for the Soviets more eagerly than the Soviets have ever tried to. Can anyone recall a single case where the Soviets actually took advantage of such a ready-made "Golden Bridge" or showed any interest in "saving face" and retreating? Why should they? The U.S. will always come up with a good excuse for their behavior, and it will never try to exploit their most obvious mistakes. With enemies like this who needs friends?

So, the vicious circle is now complete: We have talked at the wrong moment; we have signed a bad agreement; we have refused to call our opponents to task for obvious violations of this bad agreement; we have even covered up their violations; and we still have no inkling of what must be done to stop that crazy troika which threatens to knock down everything in its way. What next?

"Keep talking." □



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John Muggeridge

CANADA'S CRACK-UP

Twenty years of Trudeaumania may last forever.

There is no sadder victim of old age than a superannuated liberal. Monkey gland injections and plastic surgery can do nothing for him; nor can he expect relief from sports cars or younger wives. Ideological senescence is incurable. In fact the more you treat it, the horrider its symptoms. He who bathes in the fountain of eternal progressivism simply highlights his decrepitude.

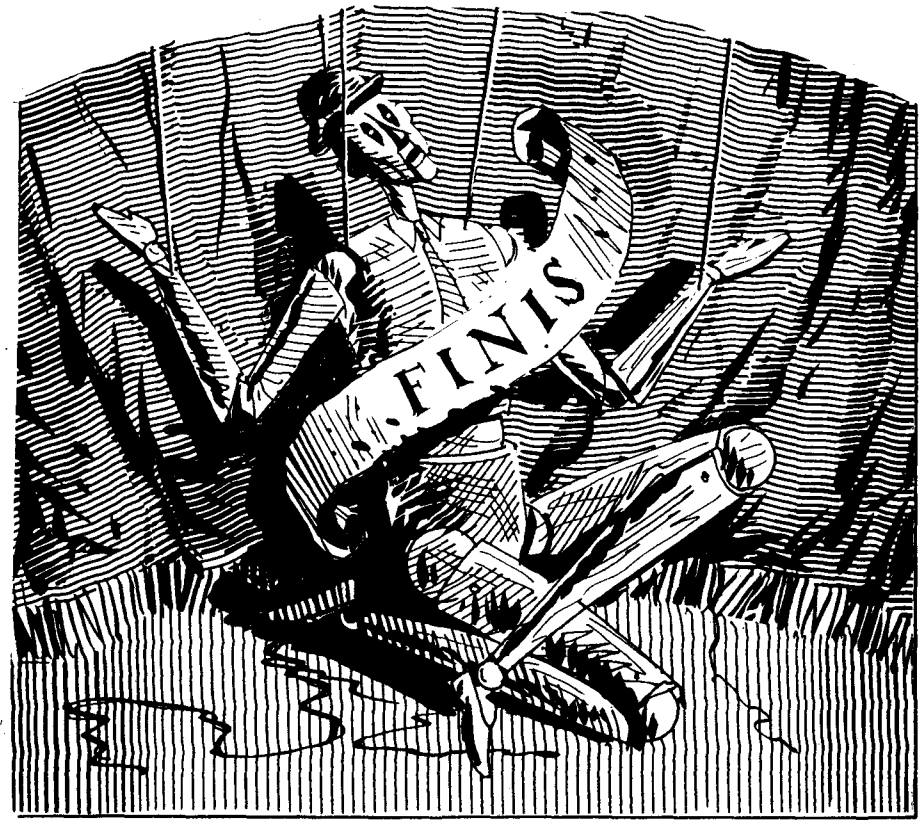
Look at Pierre Trudeau. Youthful flamboyance is his media trademark. For nearly twenty years now he has been putting himself across as a postgraduate Peter Pan, the young adult who never grew staid. Hence the facelift, the Mercedes 200SL and Margaret, and hence the giving of all those interviews on ski slopes or against the roar of jet engines. Few world travelers have been filmed more often dancing into the small hours at fashionable night spots, or clambering over ruined temples in Thailand with their children. On at least one occasion he hurried away from a North-South Dialogue to put on an aqualung before talking to reporters; on another, having been caught in the shower by visitors to his Ottawa office, he came out to meet them walking on his hands clad only in a thigh-length kimono.

In some ways, of course, this putting his youngest face forward has paid off. During the crucial Liberal leadership campaign in 1968 when the Youth Vote loomed so large, he managed to fool us into believing that he was 47, not 49, and even now that he is past 66, we still think of him as the Canadian most likely to holiday north of the Arctic Circle. His two most respected biographers, Richard Gwyn and George Radwanski, for example, write glowing paragraphs about the trimness and muscularity of his body, and both make solemn reference to "Exhaustion and Fulfillment: The Ascetic in the Canoe," a 1944 essay in which the future prime minister asserts that to enter the Canadian wilderness equipped with canoe, paddle, blanket, knife, fishing rod, rifle, salt pork, and flour is to "entrust yourself, stripped of all worldly goods, to nature."

But it is Trudeau's mental vigor that Gwyn and Radwanski find most impressive. Both accept at face value Trudeau's own account of himself as a self-made genius who could afford to cut graduate classes at the Sorbonne because he knew more than his professors. For Gwyn, Trudeau is "without intellectual equal among Canadian politicians today [1980] or in the past, and there are few in the world who can challenge him"; he provides, according to the same source, "a role model of intellectual excellence that many thousands of Canadians have attempted, perhaps unconsciously, to emulate."

Alas, two sycophantic biographers do not a popular following make. Most Canadians are now immune to the fairy dust that our Maple Leaf Peter Pan has for so long been sprinkling us with. We no longer have any relish for his particular Never-Never Land, a fact that became embarrassingly evident when, a week after he had announced his resignation as leader of the federal Liberals, they registered a sharper jump in popularity than has any political party in the history of Canadian poll-taking.

It is Trudeau's unrelenting progressivism, of course, with which Canadians are so disenchanted. The soulful outdoorsman spouting Teilhardian claptrap about the universe unfolding as it should is harmless enough; so is the boulevardier with a rose in his lapel and an eye for the pretty girls; we could even have gone on swallowing the professional un-stuffed shirt who called reporters "you guys" as assiduously as lawyers address judges as "your honor." But what we could no longer stomach was the liberal academic. Trudeau himself once likened the business of government to "having a seminar all the time—with Parliament, with the caucus, with the country, with the student, with whomever you are meeting." For twenty years he conducted one on government as a Catalyst for Social Change, and now we have decided to drop the course.



His introductory lecture came in the form of a press interview given in 1967 when he was appointed federal justice minister. He urged us to regard his new office not just as the government's top legal adviser, but as "a department planning for the society of tomorrow . . . combining . . . the function of drafting new legislation with the discipline of sociology and economics, so that it can provide a framework for our evolving way of life." We must, he insisted, "move the framework of society slightly ahead of our times so there is no curtailment of intellectual or physical liberty."

Justice, in other words, *necessitates* socio-economic restructuring. To oppose moving the framework of society ahead of the times is to side with the curtailment of intellectual and physical liberty. Progress is freedom. It is also an antidote to bigotry. In presenting Parliament with a divorce reform package he reminded his opponents that "we live in a pluralistic society" and that "even though some laws may be repugnant to the morals of individual members," their task was not to legislate private morality "but to seek solutions to evils which arise in a civil society." The implication here is that laws are incapable of both reflecting traditional morality *and* solving the evils that arise in a civil society. Never would it have occurred to Trudeau, the dyed-in-the-nylon secularist, that making divorce easier might actually encourage families to break up.

Nor could he ever have been brought

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to admit that legalizing abortion might lessen respect for the sanctity of human life. For Trudeau, where one stands on abortion is a moral and therefore a private matter. He himself happens to believe that abortion is a form of killing; in fact few Canadian politicians have more forthrightly asserted the humanity of the unborn. Yet as federal justice minister he brought forward legislation decriminalizing abortions carried out in accredited hospitals on the advice of properly constituted hospital committees, an arrangement which, he told the House of Commons in December 1967, "reflects the needs and morals of our times."

What it did *not* reflect was either the demands of feminists for "reproductive freedom" or those of anti-abortionists for an end to authorized blood-letting. Both groups continue to lobby Ottawa—although the war is clearly being won by "reproductive freedom." The number of legal abortions continues to increase, as does belief in the legality of abortion. Trudeau should not be surprised. Legislating a framework for our evolving way of life is just another way of moving its center leftwards.

The same is true at the international level. For Trudeau the world is a pluralistic society writ large; governments that pursue a foreign policy centered on winning the Cold War are simply pandering to prejudice. In fact, of course, putting the Cold War into perspective means rejecting the rationale behind it. If world Communism really is out to bury us, then the moment has passed for even-handedness. Neutralists are of necessity fellow travelers.

Not that Trudeau has never defended the West. Last May he ordered Cruise-Missile testing to proceed despite the prime-time apoplexy of peace groups. "When the choice is between steadfastness or weakness in the face of totalitarianism," he warned, "history should have taught us that to refuse to risk one's life in defense of liberty is to risk losing one's liberty without the guarantee of saving one's life." Great stuff, but how can we be sure it was not meant hypothetically? According to the well-known journalist, Peter C. Newman, for example, Trudeau's Cruise decision was only accidentally connected with resisting totalitarianism. In *The True North Not Strong and Free,* a devastating exposé of Canada's military unpreparedness, Newman argues that Ottawa agreed to the testing program simply in order to defuse U.S. criticism of our meager defense performance. A better gauge of Trudeau's commitment to the Western alliance is the fact that under his leadership our contribution to NATO shrank by half. Then there is the over three decades' worth of Eastern-bloc love feasting to laugh off. In 1951, along with representatives of the Canadian Communist party, Trudeau attended an "International" Economic Conference in Moscow sponsored by the Soviet-controlled World Federation of Trade Unions; twenty years later he told an audience in Kiev that Canadians were befriending the USSR as a way of countering U.S. threats to their identity "from the cultural, economic and even military point of view." And when during the same prime-ministerial junket, a reporter asked him whether he had interceded with Moscow on behalf of imprisoned Ukrainian dissidents, he retorted: "Anyone who breaks the law to assert his nationalism doesn't get much sympathy from me. I didn't feel like bringing up any case which would have caused Mr. Kosygin and Mr. Brezhnev to say, 'why should you put your revolutionaries in jail, and we not put ours?' "

Finally came last year's Einstein Prize-winning peace initiative. Trudeau took it to Washington, London, Paris, Peking, and Moscow, but also, believe it or not, to Prague, East Berlin, and Bucharest. He must be the only statesman on either side of the Iron Curtain who still thinks these three capitals worth visiting on diplomatic missions. News clips from Prague showed solemn-faced functionaries leading him 'round museums with his son Justin while whoever was in charge of his case no doubt phoned Moscow to find out what on earth one did with Canadian olive branches.

But sarcasm may be out of place. In Canada Trudeau is no neutralist Don Quixote. Both federal opposition parties endorse his peace initiative. Meanwhile Parliament is certain to approve his plan for a publicly funded peace research institute.

Imagine four back-to-back terms of Jimmy Carter as President, but even this analogy does not fully capture the leftist sweep of government under Trudeau.

But it is in the area of domestic policy that Trudeau's outworn progressivism has borne its richest legislative harvest. Imagine four back-to-back terms of Jimmy Carter as President, but even this analogy does not fully capture the leftist sweep of government under Trudeau. Remember that for most of the last sixteen years he has been federal prime minister, disposer, that is, of an obedient majority in the House of Commons, which under our system of government is not only the highest legislative authority in the land, but, since we have given up being a colony of Britain, an unchallengeable one. As the Liberal caucus went, so went the country, and from March 1968 to March 1984 Trudeau was undisputed master of the Liberal caucus. Nor has he ever displayed the slightest diffidence about exercising this untrammelled authority. The image of the dilettante in power is way off base.

Some critics maintain, for example, that he ignored our burgeoning deficit; they point to an auditor general's report of a few years back which warned that public spending is now out of control. But Trudeau believes in deficits; he likes public spending, and the more out of control the better. There can be fewer more pious expressions of faith in demand-side economics than his 1959 speech to the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs in which he calls income equalization "the most obvious solution to the problem of guaranteeing that distributed purchasing power will transform itself completely into effective demand for produced goods," and urges governments "extensively and resolutely" to make "payments of all kinds."

As prime minister, moreover, he practiced what he preached. None of Trudeau's predecessors can match his record for extensive and resolute dipping into the public treasury. In 1969, Trudeau's first full year in power, Ottawa promised to spend $11.6 billion and expected a surplus of $250 million; last February's federal budget called for an overall outlay of $97 billion and an estimated deficit of $31.5 billion. Between then and now our population has grown by about one-seventh. Trudeau's stature as a Keynesian economist is truly Olympian. This year he earned a bronze medal for fiscal high jumping. We were judged the third most highly taxed nation in the Western world, behind Norway and Sweden.

For someone in Trudeau's political tradition, of course, statism comes naturally. He equates the business of government with that of spreading enlightenment. An ever-expanding bureaucracy can therefore have no Orwellian overtones. It is liberalism's P.A. system. The wider its scope, the more effectively will ignorance and reaction have been combated.

And never were Ottawa's microphones turned up higher than during Trudeau's campaign to win acceptance for bilingualism. They had to be. Canada is not bilingual; Quebec speaks French; the other provinces, English; a minority of English-speakers live in Quebec; a (declining) minority of French-speakers, outside that province. Nor are we bicultural. In fact if history has endowed us with a culture, it is neither English- nor French-Canadian; rather, thanks to Wolfe's victory over Montcalm, it is British.

But liberalism hates the idea of winners and losers. So it has invented the myth of Anglo-French duality. It asks us to believe that the born-again Presbyterians and French ultramontanists who were so largely responsible for creating modern Canada saw the new Dominion as an equal partnership between Protestant English Canada and Catholic Quebec. It has to argue, for example, that when George Brown, a leading light among the aforementioned Presbyterians, wrote to his wife on the occasion of a confederation agreement having been finally hammered out, "Isn't it wonderful? French Canadianism entirely extinguished. . . . *We have the power in our hands,*" he must have been speaking metaphorically.

This is where the microphones come in. One of Trudeau's very first prime ministerial moves was to gain parliamentary approval for the Official Languages Act, which declares in defiance of sociology and history that French and English "possess and enjoy equality of status and equal rights and privileges as to their use in all the institutions of the Parliament and Government of Canada." Thenceforth all it required to bilingualize us was to extend exponentially the institutions of the Parliament and Government of Canada.

First, however, linguistic equality had to be forced on them. What was required, as Trudeau's apparatchik, Jean-Luc Pepin, points out, was no less than a revolution. He even describes those who took part in the operation as "a well-organized group of revolutionaries." "We held the key posts," he told a recent interviewer. "We were making the civil service, kicking and screaming all the time, bilingual."

The kicking and screaming is over now. The most valiant fiscal watchdogs have stopped asking questions about the billions of dollars expended, bilingual bonuses, and French courses for civil servants who woke up one morning in the early seventies to find a language requirement tacked on to

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their job descriptions. The most uncompromising civil libertarians don't even bother making excuses anymore for the practice of "imperative staffing," according to which a worker in line for promotion to a position that has been designated bilingual must be "bumped" by his junior colleague who happens to have a better ear for languages. Bureaucratic bilingualism is as fixed a part of the Canadian scene as blackfly in early summer.

But the Trudeauization of Canada was still not complete. Laws can after all be changed and key posts restaffed. All it takes in parliamentary democracies such as ours is a change of government. And with Joe Clark's Progressive Conservatives coming to power in 1979, that is precisely what we got. Clark promised to privatize Petro-Canada, renegotiate the National Energy Agreement, defang the Foreign Investment Review Agency, rewrite the Income Tax Act in favor of householders, and restore power to the provinces. For a moment it really did look as if Canadian conservatism's hour had struck. Even Trudeau, according to Gwyn, was convinced that the electorate had turned against interventionist government for years to come.

Very well, then: Dispense with elections. When Trudeau was handed back power in 1980, he used it not just to enact laws that pushed Canadian society in a liberal direction, but to rewrite the Canadian constitution so that

legislation having any other ideological tendency would be unpassable. This is the effect of the Canada Act, 1982. Its centerpiece, the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, puts the Official Languages Act beyond the power of Parliament to amend. Henceforth commitment to institutionalized bilingualism is on a par with loyalty to Her Majesty the Queen, part of what it means to be truly Canadian. And so is commitment to institutionalized equality for the whole leftist grab bag of "oppressed" minorities. Canada's may be the world's first constitution to entrench the right to affirmative action. That at least is what the Charter implies. The promise of legal equality for all Canadians contained in Article 15 "does not preclude any law, program or activity that has as its object the amelioration of conditions of disadvantaged individuals or groups," while Article 28 declares that "Notwithstanding anything in this Charter, the rights and freedoms referred to in it are guaranteed equally to male and female persons." This is the Official Sexes Act. Feminists have spent fifty fruitless years trying to get such language inserted into the U.S. Constitution. All it took in Canada to win an Equal Rights Amendment was for the Ottawa-funded Status of Women Committee to spend a few summer afternoons in 1981 lobbying Liberal cabinet ministers. Its wish was their command. No wonder Bella Abzug bade such a fond farewell to Trudeau at his retirement party in June.

Someone else who, had he attended that festivity, might have been expected to shed a tear of gratitude is J.K. Galbraith. Trudeau once said that the Harvard economist's thinking permeated his thought. It now permeates the official thinking of Canada. With Galbraith our constitution presupposes a beneficently intervening state. It enshrines the principle that Ottawa knows best, and in particular it knows best how to manage the economy. We still have a private sector, but more and more of it keeps slipping underground. Garage sales and flea markets proliferate; tradesmen offer discounts if you pay for their services in cash; a friend of mine thinks nothing of giving the hay from his nine acres in the country to a local stables in return for their boarding his daughter's horse.

These tendencies, of course, are discernible everywhere. In Canada, however, they may be constitutionally irreversible. As far as words can make it, our economy is now supply-side proof. The Charter *obliges* governments to dig into the nation's pocketbooks, but never specifies how deeply. Article 36 commits them to "promoting equal opportunities for the well-being of all Canadians . . . furthering economic development to reduce disparity of opportunities . . . and providing essential services of reasonable quality to all Canadians"; also it requires federal policy-makers to abide by the "principle of making equalization payments to ensure that provincial governments have sufficient revenues to provide reasonably comparable levels of public services at comparable levels of taxation." But what should be included under "essential services of reasonable quality"—universal daycare? abortion on demand? post-secondary schooling for all who want it? And what is "a reasonably comparable level of taxation"—thirty percent of take-home pay? forty? sixty? One clue as to how safe a citizen's worldly goods are going to be from government despoilers is the fact that Trudeau rejected a Conservative request that property rights be entrenched in the Charter.

The question is: Why didn't we resist? Trudeau never received a clear mandate to turn this country into a liberal theocracy. If anything, in fact, the mood of voters in 1980, when he last appealed to them, was a conservative one. We claim to be a nation of loyalists; the argument that Trudeau's constitutional proposals did violence to Canada's political traditions was powerfully put, in particular by Stirling Lyon, who sacrificed his chance of being re-elected premier of Manitoba in order to lead the anti-Charter forces, but no one of any influence followed him. Why not? Why was it that Joe Clark, whose initial response was in favor of Lyon, caved in as soon as Trudeau agreed to let the Supreme Court rule on the legality of his government's actions, when Clark knew, as we all did, that that judicial body had been packed with pro-Liberal judges and that in any case the task of finding precedents either for or against institutionalizing revolution was an impossible one?

The truth is that conservative Canada had died twenty years earlier. Its rallying point had been Catholic Quebec, whose representatives for historical reasons sit on the Liberal side in the federal parliament. For most of the twentieth century these seventy or so impenetrably conservative Canadians had managed not only to keep their party in power, but to prevent it from adopting left-wing social policies. Hence the curiously lopsided way in which Canada's welfare state has developed. We were the first in North America to get old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, and family allowances, yet no other jurisdiction on the continent has more lately liberalized divorce laws or legalized the sale of contraceptives.

The dam broke around 1960 when Catholic leftists triumphed in Quebec. No one has adequately documented what happened in that province during the late fifties. Visitors who knew it as it once was shake their heads in disbelief at how quickly the Catholic presence there has receded. But Catholicism hasn't disappeared so much as changed sides. Priests who used to walk the streets of Montreal in cassocks suddenly put on jean suits. Once they had ordered their students to stay away from Ernest Hemingway; now they prescribed D.H. Lawrence. Once the Church had put pressure on government; now, witness all those clerics, frocked or otherwise, included in René Levesque's first left-wing separatist cabinet, the Church had become government.

Catholic Quebec's loss was the Liberal party's gain. For the Oxford-trained Fabian socialists who had always—such is the curse of empire—occupied its inner circle, doors opened and horizons lightened. For the first time in history they had nothing to fear from bishops. Quebec was reactionary no longer. Not only did the Liberal caucus at Ottawa now command a semi-permanent majority; at long last it was ideologically undivided.

This brings us back to Trudeau who was a key figure among Quebec's newly powerful Catholic leftists. In his Paris student days he had become a disciple of the Personalist philosopher and editor, Emmanuel Mounier, and on recrossing the Atlantic, he simply transferred Mounier's struggle against Pétainist reactionaries to a Quebec setting. Trudeau's trump card was money. His father's millions helped him to acquire the prestige of a European scholar and the glamour of a world traveler. They also helped to finance the setting up of *Cité Libre,* his North American equivalent of Mounier's *Esprit,* in whose pages French Canadians first discovered that they were being kept in the Dark Ages by Clericals and Fascists. Trudeau was rich, French Canadian, Catholic, and progressive; he had even appeared in the *Canadian Forum,* English Canada's most prestigious left-wing magazine. What better *curriculum vitae* for the job of Liberal party spokesman from the new Quebec?

So it was that Lester Pearson, Trudeau's immediate predecessor as federal prime minister, and one of the above-mentioned Liberals who had returned from post-graduate studies in Britain with a leftish accent, hit on him for the job of justice minister and criminal law modernizer.

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"Well," recalled Pearson in that delightfully informal manner of his, "I put him in the Department of Justice as soon as I could . . . and told him to go ahead with the Criminal Code. Some of my older colleagues disapproved, in fact the majority did not want to go ahead with the Code. But I insisted, and besides, I had a Minister of Justice who was interested in it. I could have dropped it, put it off, because I did not want to get Mr. Trudeau into too much trouble. But I knew he could handle it all right, it had to be done by a Catholic if at all possible."

The rest is history. Thanks to Pearson having given Trudeau a leg up we got subsidized feminism and legalized abortion, also economic atrophy and a constitution that mandates government of the government, for the government, and by the government. Imagine how it would be if the rules of the Democratic party were constitutionally enforceable across the United States. Trudeau's Catholic leftism imported from France may not have worn well. Not to worry. We are going to have to live with it for many years yet. We are his picture of Dorian Grey. □

Charles Murray

THE FAIRNESS DELUSION

The speech our President should make.

Democrats have been bludgeoning the Reagan Administration with "the fairness issue" since 1981. The fairness issue covers a variety of sins, generally falling under the headings of rewarding the rich and cutting programs for the poor. For those who have been raising the clamor, citing specifics has often seemed unnecessary. Every fair-minded person should be able to see, we are given to believe, that the Administration has been palpably, obviously "unfair."

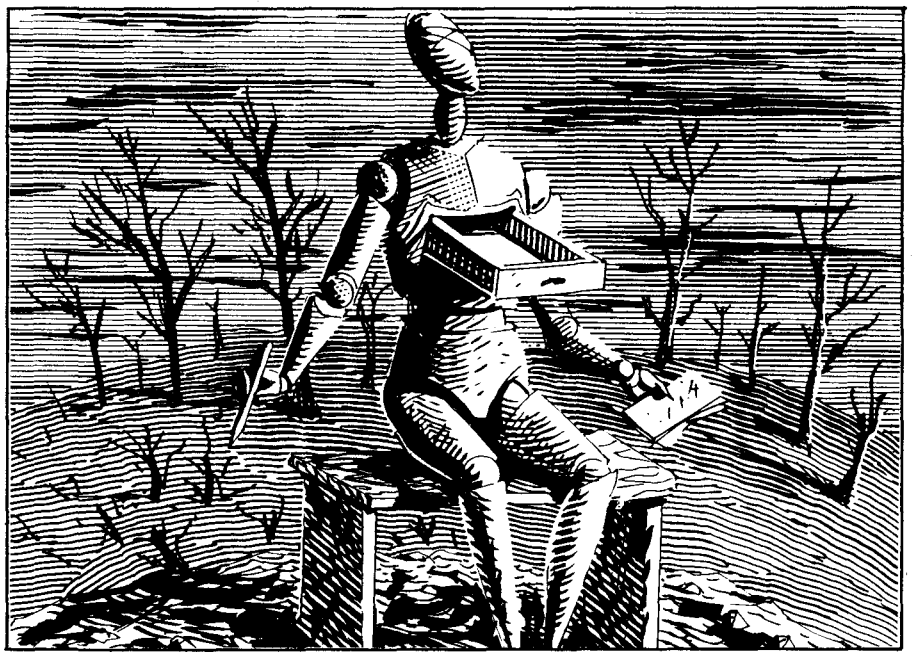
The people in charge of making the Administration's case have never quite made up their minds how to respond to these allegations. The President usually takes the line that the cuts in social programs affected only those who didn't need the benefits anyway; the truly needy were not hurt. I have listened to other Republican officials point proudly to how much money the government continues to spend, arguing that the Reagan Administration is spending unacknowledged and unappreciated billions to help the poor, even more than the Democrats spent.

Perhaps these are politically astute responses for an election year. But, astute or not, they do not ring true. Benefits were *taken away from some people, and some of those people* were *hurt. That's what happens when people at almost any level of income suddenly have less income. And while the Reagan Administration surely does continue to spend large sums on the poor, it would be spending much less if the Democrats had let it.*

Why be so defensive? Why be so disingenuous? Why do conservatives shy away from making the honest, compelling argument so readily available to them that the social policy toward the poor that Reagan inherited (and has changed very little) has been desperately unfair and destructive for *the poor? The reason such policies must be reformed is not that there is a budget crisis. It is not to get rid of welfare cheats. It is not to benefit the middle class that pays the bills. The real reason is that the reforms of the 1960s and thereafter have been bad for the people who most deserve our consideration. I hereby offer the Administration, free and clear, the speech I think Ronald Reagan ought to be making about "the fairness issue" and a few of the numbers behind the rhetoric.*

My fellow Americans. Tonight, I wish to speak to that great multitude of Americans, of whom I am one, who are comfortable. Some of us are rich; most are not. But what we share in common is enough money to live more or less where we wish, in a style that is pleasant by any standard and luxurious by most. We have the resources to raise and educate our children. We have pensions and security for our old age.

I wish to speak to you of the plight of millions of other Americans who are less fortunate. No, tonight I am not talking about the destitute. I am not talking about the chronically unemployed. I could talk about them; their plight is no less grievous. But tonight I refer instead to another population that has been strangely ignored: millions of ordinary American parents who work steadily and work hard but, because of little education or because of other disadvantages or simply because their abilities are limited, work at menial, low-paying jobs. These are people who are never going to be rich. They have gone about as far as they can go. But their instinct is to keep working, raise their children right, and hope their children have a better life. In other words, they are the kind of people that most of us had for parents or grandparents or great-grandparents, and to whom we owe much of our own present prosperity.



My proposition is that in the last twenty years, we comfortable people, in the name of fairness and generosity, have ravaged their lives.

How can this be, when the last twenty years have seen an explosion in spending on behalf of such people? To see why, let us begin by ridding ourselves of a curious condescension that takes hold whenever my middle-income opponents talk about what the government is doing for low-income working people. They count up the extra income in food stamps or housing subsidies or the welfare check, and judge fairness in terms of increase in the dollar total—when it would not occur to them to measure their own lives in such terms. Tonight, think for a moment how differently "fairness" for the poor looks if you ask yourself what most worries *you* as a parent, and then make one assumption: The poor are not so different from you and me.

You worry about crime. You have chosen the neighborhood where you

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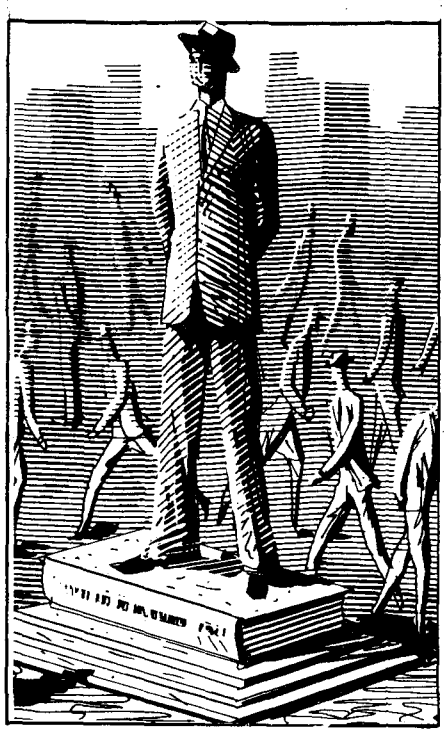
live in part because it is safe. Some of you have deliberately stayed away from urban neighborhoods where you would like to live because they adjoin the ghetto, and you are unwilling to put yourself and your spouse and especially your children at risk.

Parents who live in the ghetto fear for themselves and their children too. But they have no option about where to live. They cannot afford to move away from troubles; they must endure them. Do you know what happened to the crime problem in *their* neighborhoods in the last twenty years? It went through the roof. Yes, we affluent people have our tales of being mugged or burglarized that we tell one another at cocktail parties. But the increased risks for us are nothing compared to the increased risks run by people in poor neighborhoods.

In the seven years from 1965 to 1972, the number of black males who were victims of homicide increased by 30 per 100,000. During the same period, white male victims per 100,000 rose by 3. From 1965 to 1979, the annual number of low-income blacks who were victims of robbery rose by 1,266 per 100,000. Among middle-income whites, the increase was 359. Proportionately, the increase in victimization among white and middle-income populations was high, but in terms of actual risk of being a victim, poor blacks suffered far more.

Think of it this way. Suppose that the government, for some obscure reason, decided it wanted to take a daily busload of the inner-city's muggers and burglars and aggravated assaulters who are returned to the streets—the ones the courts will not put in jail or keep in jail because it is only their first (or second or third) offense, or because they are only juveniles, or because prison doesn't help, or because of one of the many other arguments based on fairness and compassion—and let them hang out in your neighborhood instead of the ones they come from. You as a resident of this neighborhood are given no choice in the matter. But the government offers you compensation. How much must you get to make your life whole again? How much money will make what the government has done to your life . . . fair?



You worry about educating your children. So when you chose where to live you gave a lot of attention to the quality of the public schools. Many of you, especially in the cities, send your children to private schools. For us comfortable people, the deterioration of public education during the last twenty years has been an irritation and something we've had to work around. Have you considered what it was like to be the parents of a child in the inner city during the 1960s and 1970s if you desperately wanted your child to get a decent education but had to rely on the public schools?

You couldn't expect an especially bright child to be pushed to his or her potential, because tracking systems were elitist—forbidden by school policy and even by law in many of our largest cities. You couldn't expect the teacher to maintain an orderly learning environment, because teachers were at professional risk of lawsuits if they tried to enforce discipline—and increasingly at physical risk as well. You couldn't expect a challenging curriculum and strict standards for achievement—the whole school system was at risk of lawsuits and cutoff in federal assistance if it paid too much attention to "culturally biased" measures of achievement. The results for students in the worst of our public schools—blacks living in the urban core—were disastrous.

In 1980, the Defense Department administered its "Armed Forces Qualification Test," a carefully designed and standardized test of basic skills, to a nationally representative sample of over 9,000 youths. The mean score among blacks with a high-school education was less than half the mean score among whites with the same level of education.

But that's not the worst of it. Tonight I am talking about parents who care most deeply about report cards and how hard their children are studying, parents who want their children to go to college. If you were such a parent, you could not even interpret what you saw on the report card—a student in the inner city could do everything the teacher asked, get straight A's, and never be given a chance to realize how little he was learning. Thus in the last decade we have gotten used to seeing newspaper stories every spring about the valedictorian from an inner-city high school whose preparation was so inadequate that he or she could not meet the entrance requirements of a good university. Sadly, these are not isolated cases.

My opponents add up a pittance of money that many of these parents despise anyway, say they will increase it, and call it fairness.

On the mathematics component of the Scholastic Aptitude Test (the "SAT," the core of the College Boards), the average white score in 1980 was 482. Only 11 percent of black students scored that high. On the verbal component of the SAT, the white mean was 442. Only 13 percent of blacks scored that high.

Ask yourself: How much would the government have to pay you to make you agree to send your child to a public school in a ghetto of one of our large cities? How much money would make it a fair bargain?

"Perhaps," I hear some of my opponents saying, "we went overboard with some of the changes we made in law enforcement and education. But at least we helped these people economically. Look at food stamps, at Medicaid, at Supplemental Security Income and housing subsidies."

Yes, let's do look. There is some additional money coming in. Mind you, the additional money is small. Many of the people living in poverty do not get welfare benefits—not because they are not qualified, in most cases, but because they just don't bother. Perhaps pride is involved. And even if they do avail themselves of such programs, being employed means that the amounts are small. But never mind; some of the families of whom I speak are getting some extra resources, and, other things being equal, I would be happy about that. But other things are not equal.

Because the thing you worry about most, that all good parents worry about most, is how the kids will turn out. We worry a lot even if our children are just unhappy in their work or their personal lives. If they turn out very badly—in jail, or on drugs, or unable to hold on to a job—most of us carry a deep sense of unhappiness and of failure with us for the rest of our lives, no matter how successful we may be professionally or financially. Now, imagine how much more decisive that unhappiness would be if the only tangible measure of success in your life was investment in your children—as is the case of many low-income parents.

In the last twenty years, these parents have watched as their children have gone down the drain. I speak in part of the losses of the younger generation to drugs and to crime. But two less dramatic types of tragedy have been yet more common.

One of these has consisted of the young male, poor and with a minimal education, who spends the critical years of his late teens and early twenties drifting in and out of the labor market. Sometimes he does so because there is no work to be had. But far too often, in a phenomenon that scholars are finally accepting to be real despite the reluctance of many to talk about it, youths at this critical stage of their lives begin to *choose* to drift in and out of the labor market, for reasons that make sense to an adolescent but lock him into poverty for the rest of his life.

From 1965-1980, labor force participation among young black males dropped radically and unexpectedly. Among 18-19 year-olds, for example, participation dropped from 67 percent to 56 percent. During the same period, participation of 18-19 year-old white males rose from 66 percent to 74 percent. The nature of unemployment among young black males changed drastically as well, shifting from periodic involuntary unemployment because of lack of demand for labor to a pattern characterized by short-term, voluntary unemployment.

The second tragedy involves the daughters of these families. Poor families—and once again, poor black families in the inner city have suffered most—have watched steadily increasing numbers of their daughters throw away their chances for a good education, for a career, for escape from poverty, by having children as single parents, often as teenagers.

By 1980, 55 percent of all live births to blacks were illegitimate, compared to 11 percent for whites. By 1980, black American teenagers had a fertility rate of 24 per 100, more than twice as high as the second-highest rate (10

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per 100) in any of 32 developed nations.

Now put yourself in the position of the parents I have been talking about. Your son says to you that starting at the bottom and doggedly working up bit by bit is a chump's game. The problem is that he is technically right—at least, over the short term, which is the term that adolescents tend to use. Holding on doggedly to a low-paying job is not smart; it yields no more money than alternative packages of periodic work, benefits, and perhaps the occasional hustle in the underground economy. It yields much less leisure.

Your daughter is sexually active, not using contraceptives, and, once she gets pregnant, finds that the logical choice—note carefully, the *logical* choice—is to have that child as a single parent. Given the way that the welfare system works and the child-support laws do not work, it would be foolish of her to encourage the man to marry her. In the short term.

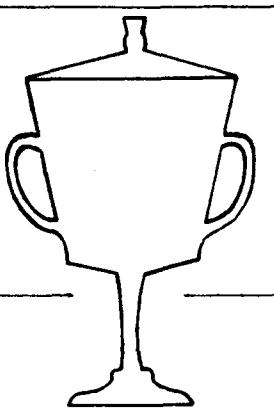
In the long term, you are watching your children throw away their futures. But have a hard time fighting it. You try to drum it into their heads that it is in their long-range interest to behave differently, but you have to contend with the peer pressures of their friends. The wisdom of the streets once they leave the front door promulgates the short-term logic.

Even if it weren't for the crime, even if it weren't for the bad schools, how much would it take to convince you to let your children be socialized in an inner-city neighborhood? How much money, how many food stamps, would it take until you were compensated? How much would be fair? For most of you, *no* amount would be enough.

The parents I am talking about have had no choice. They have had to put up with the worsening crime. Put up with worsening education. Put up with values they do not share, foisted on them by legislators and judges and bureaucratic rule-makers who do not have to live at their side. And in return? My opponents add up a pittance of money that many of these parents despise anyway, say they will increase it, and call it fairness.

I am not going to spell out a program of solutions for you tonight. That is another speech—but I will warn you that the solutions are tough, and far more sweeping than anything this Administration has considered in the past. Tonight, I want you first to realize the nature of the problem. We, the comfortable people, are requiring that millions of people who share our aspirations, our values, and our priorities live in a world run by rules that we pushed upon them, and that we would not dream of accepting for our own neighborhoods or our own children. It is arrogant and smug. It is also tragically unfair.

The issues in the President's speech are formidably complicated, and perhaps it is just as well that they are not at the center of the campaign's rhetoric. They are too important to be left to political statistics. My thesis is that the more closely the numbers are examined and the more deeply the analyses of social policy over the last twenty years are scrutinized, the clearer it becomes that we took a wrong turn in the mid 1960s—not in any one program, to be fixed by any one remedial amendment, but in the nature of the rules of the game that we created for poor people. As far as I can tell, neither Republicans nor Democrats are eager to confront the full implications of changing those rules. Welfare cheats are an easier target for the conservatives; hungry children are an easier object of compassion for liberals. But at least the political rhetoric has one thing right: "Fairness" is the proper word for describing what our social policy is not. We just need to think harder about what it means. □



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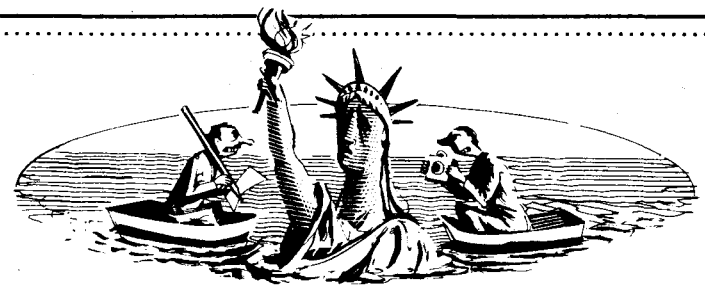


POLLSTERGEIST

by Fred Barnes

Greg Schneiders, one of Washington's shrewder political consultants, wrote in the *Washington Post* last June about "a variety of imagined threats to our political system . . . that we will be urged between now and November to worry about." You know, threats like non-discussion of the "issues" by the presidential candidates and non-coverage of these "issues" by the press, or clear and present dangers to the body politic such as television or money, which are sure to be accused of "ruining the process." Don't worry about any of them, he said. Democrats, don't worry that "Republicans are making inroads in the black community," Schneiders wrote, because they won't be. Republicans, don't fret that "Democrats are making inroads into the business community," he noted, for they won't be either. But Schneiders ran out of phony threats at ten, forgetting one that the press is now trumpeting—the perilous plague of political consultants.

The story of these devilish media specialists, pollsters, and strategists has been told in books, magazine and newspaper articles, and on television shows. And the scare stuff just keeps coming. Political consultants are blamed for practically everything, except losing elections. Between this year's Democratic and Republican conventions, the *New York Times Magazine* ran a semi-hysterical account of how these malefactors have "spent the last decade remaking the political landscape." Not only that, but "the use of ever more artful ads to alter dramatically a candidate's image" may be the undoing of representative government in this country, wrote Ron Suskind in the *Times* piece. And some accounts go further, pursuing the sky-is-falling tack that political consultants are taking over the world. Think I'm kidding? Well, here is how British journalist Roland Perry closes *Hidden Power,*[1] his new book on American pollsters Patrick Caddell and Richard Wirthlin: "With their control over politicians and their understanding of the new technology, it is the strategists who, more and more, will dictate the direction of nations and the world."

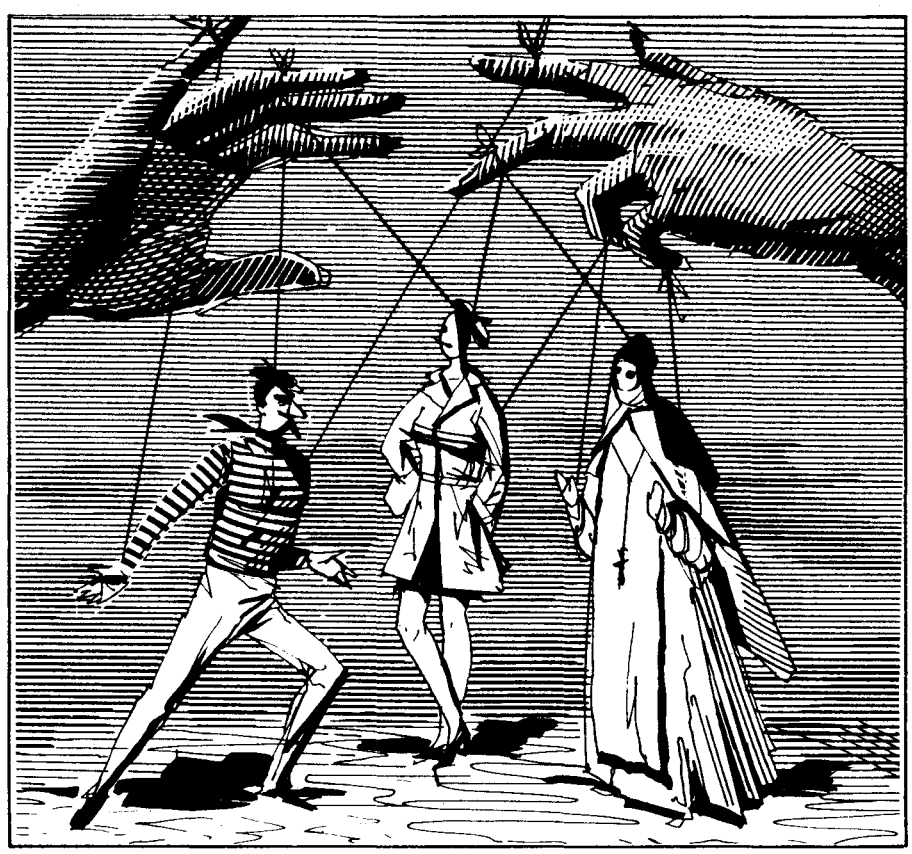
Think of it. Caddell, who was George McGovern's polling expert and then Jimmy Carter's, running the world. Or Wirthlin, who is President Reagan's pollster, as the puppeteer behind the curtain at the White House pulling the strings. Now, I've heard some pretty wild conspiracy theories in my day, but this is absurd. If it were true, then an awful lot of reporters in Washington, including me, missed a story that rivals Watergate or Teapot Dome. It's a major scandal, the programming of the presidency according to advice from pollsters.

Except it isn't true. Sure, political consultants are hired by nearly every candidate for high office at the state and national level. At campaign time most bring on board a pollster, a strategist or two, and a media consultant. But campaigns ordinarily attract many candidates, though only one can win. And that ought to suggest something, namely that some candidates lose even though they've hired high-priced consultants. In the stories about consultants, however, you rarely hear tales of losers. This would take the scare out of the story.

You do get lots of episodes like one recounted in the *Times* involving a television commercial used in Republican Malcolm Wallop's successful bid to unseat then-Senator Gale McGee, a Wyoming Democrat, in 1976. The ad dealt with a new Occupational Safety and Health Administration regulation that required toilets for agricultural workers on the job. "The spot—known among consultants as the 'potty spot'—began by quoting a brief excerpt from the Federal Register about the proposed regulation," Suskind wrote. "Following the quote, the ad showed a cowboy riding the range with a portable toilet strapped to his saddle. Voters laughed, and Senator McGee went down to defeat." Pretty simple, huh? Only that's not quite the way politics operates. Obviously, there was considerably more at work in Wallop's victory, such as the national drift, especially in the West, away from liberalism and liberals.

But gradual ideological shifts are not the stuff of fascinating journalism; what Suskind calls "a handful of high-priced, much-sought-after experts" are. So in *Hidden Power,* it's not Hubert Humphrey's tapping of anti-war sentiment that lifts his 1968 presidential campaign to a near-victory over Richard Nixon. It's his hiring of consultant Joseph Napolitan that is the pivotal event. And if Humphrey had cooperated more fully with Napolitan and accepted more of his advice, Perry suggests, he'd have won. Even though his candidate didn't win, Napolitan devised a winning strategy and was the driving force of the campaign. Of course, the 1968 race was cast in quite another way in *The Selling of the President* by Joe McGinness. He wrote that Nixon's media men controlled the campaign by selling the public a false image of Nixon. Both of the interpretations can't be right. If Nixon's men were in control, how come Humphrey came so close to winning? If Napolitan was, how come his candidate, representing the majority party, lost to a fellow who couldn't get elected governor of California? The reason is other factors prevailed, as they always do. Things like real differences between the two candidates, Democratic disunity, the war in Vietnam, race riots.

In the devil stories about political consultants, one of the common assertions is that they are new political bosses, the heirs to the old big city hacks. This is a theme of two books, *The New Kingmakers* by David Chagall (1981) and *The Permanent Campaign* by Sidney Blumenthal (1980). This silly notion fails to take



Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

[1] *Hidden Power: The Programming of the President,* Beaufort Books, Inc., $16.95.

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into account a fundamental difference between political bosses and consultants. There was only one boss per domain, but there are many consultants. If you didn't get Boss Crump's backing, you were out of luck in Memphis. But if you can't get Caddell or Wirthlin to take polls for your campaign, you can turn to Peter Hart, now Walter Mondale's pollster, or Lance Tarrance or Bill Hamilton or Dottie Lynch. Consultants are interchangeable; bosses weren't.

Almost every campaign hires a complement of them, too. And this fact is not without meaning. More often than not consultants merely cancel out each other's efforts. What decide elections are other factors, notably the abilities of the candidates. After all, both John Glenn and Alan Cranston had crack teams of political consultants in the Democratic presidential race this year, as did Mondale and Gary Hart. Why did Mondale and Hart fare better? It wasn't their consultants. It was their person and their message that elicited support.

In fact, I'd almost go so far as to argue that losing candidates usually have better consultants, or at least that consultants for losing candidates often produce the best TV spots. The most riveting commercial in the Republican presidential primaries in 1980 showed Senator Howard Baker dressing down an Iranian student. Yet Baker flopped as a candidate. Later in 1980, Gerald Rafshoon created an impressive batch of commercials for President Carter in the campaign against Reagan, whose own consultants turned out drab spots. We know who won that one. In 1976, Rafshoon's television ads for Carter paled in comparison to those produced for Gerald Ford by his consultants. We know who won that one, too. And the same thing happens in Senate and House and governor's races. The candidate with the lousy ads and maladroit strategists frequently wins and does so because of personal strengths. Neither television nor money can change that.

In all the wild-eyed attacks on political consultants, there plainly is an ideological component. Since conservative candidates usually are able to raise more money, that gives them an edge in hiring consultants. Hence, the criticism of consultants as enemies of the democratic process. Much the same thing has happened in the case of political action committees. No one paid attention to PACs when they were chiefly vehicles for union money. But once businessmen and conservative groups began using PACs to steer money to conservative candidates, the committees became a threat to Western civilization as we have come to know it.

Still, at least one prominent liberal journalist, Bill Moyers, has arrived at a dispassionate assessment of media consultants in politics. In an hour-long documentary on public television last August, he declared himself ambivalent. "I don't buy the argument that they undermine democracy," he said. "Certainly they reach more people in a single instant than a whistle-stop campaign ever could. Or a speech on the stump. . . . One thing to be said for political spots is that they enable candidates to choose their message on their terms. The politician is not left to the mercy of newspaper editors or television producers looking for a sound bite. The fact is, candidates can say a lot in 30 seconds that they think a voter should know about them or their opponents. And I'm not worried that they'll carry the day. No spot has the last word. . . . [And] viewers have learned to take much of what they see in commercials, political or otherwise, with a grain of salt." Not that Moyers didn't have some mild concerns about the spots concocted by consultants. But he had no major worries. And if he didn't, no one else should either. □

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MOM AND POP DEMOCRATS

by Allan C. Carlson

While billed by its principals as a contest between rival visions for the American future, the 1984 presidential campaign is actually shaping up as a battle between nostalgias. Republican ads feature cute kids on bikes, small town streets, unfurled flags, and buxom majorettes leading high-school marching bands. More surprising is the way the Mondale campaign has been wrapping itself in family, hearth, and home. Fritz has "moved back" to Elmore, Minnesota, a reduced speed zone now portrayed as a kind of Norwegian Plains, Georgia. We're soon to be treated to the Mondale family cookbook. Geraldine Ferraro is presented as a typical Italian-American mom, "the daughter of a woman whose highest goal was a future for her children," a "good" Catholic and "true" Christian dedicated to "the values that we share," to people who support "their families through hard work and initiative," to "the gift of life," and to the American dream. As New York Governor Mario Cuomo put it in his oratorical *tour de force*, "We [Democrats] believe in a single fundamental idea. . . . The idea of family. . . .We believe we must be the family of America."

The Democrats' effort to recover the "pro family" label impudently seized by the Republicans in 1980 is obviously aimed at wooing alienated Roman Catholics and other traditionalists back into the donkey's corral. Will the strategy work?

There once was, to be sure, an authentic Democratic "family" tradition. Although not explicitly "Catholic" (that would have driven another segment of the great coalition, Southern Protestants, to apoplexy), this vision was compatible with traditional beliefs, and had real policy consequences.

The Social Security system created during the 1930s, for example, presumed a nation of intact, relatively healthy nuclear families. Married women received their benefits through their husbands. Aid to Dependent Children (ADC, later AFDC) was sold as a specialized children's allowance for orphans. Widows' pensions extended further benefits to married women. During the Truman years, Congress restructured the federal income tax code, creating the joint return (which favors married couples with one income) and setting the dependent deduction at $600 per child, acts which removed the large majority of American families from any significant income tax liability. The Housing Act of 1949 opened up opportunities for home ownership to millions of families, and encouraged both the suburbanization of America and a booming birth rate. Truman justified the housing program in simple, sincere words: "Children and dogs are as necessary to the welfare of this country as is [*sic*] Wall Street and the railroads."

During the felicitous 1950s, the Democrats continued in the family way. Adlai E. Stevenson told the 1955 graduates of Smith College that there was much they could do in their roles as wives and mothers about the "great historical crisis" facing the nation. "You may be hitched to one of these creatures we call 'Western man,'" Stevenson explained to the Smithies, "and I think part of your job is to keep him Western, and to keep him truly purposeful, to keep him whole." Rather than leading college-educated women away from the great issues of the day, the cerebral Democrat continued, "the vocation of marriage and motherhood . . . brings you back to the very center and places upon you an infinitely deeper and more intimate responsibility than that borne by the majority of those who hit the headlines. . . . " Stevenson thought so much of the speech that he included it in a compilation—*What I Think*—published as a prelude to his 1956 presidential campaign.

This orientation reached its apogee during the early 1960s. In a report to the International Labor Organization, for example, the Lyndon Johnson Administration reaffirmed American support for "the basic legal principle which places on the husband the primary responsibility for support of his wife and family with secondary liability devolving on his wife." As the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations began plotting out their war on poverty, the family grew in political significance. A key planning document—Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel P. Moynihan's 1965 report *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action*—was premised on the vitality of the middle-class family model, and its usefulness as a policy focal point. The mass media and the development of suburbia, the report stated, had created "an image of the American family as a highly standardized phenomenon." Indeed, the white family now showed "a high degree of stability." In contrast, "the family structure of lower class Negroes is highly unstable, and in many urban areas is approaching complete breakdown." The report focused specifically on the "pathologies" of illegitimacy, divorce, and female-headed families. Moynihan and his team urged the creation of a federal poverty pro-

Allan C. Carlson, who writes frequently on the family, is affiliated with The Rockford Institute.

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gram designed "to have the effect, directly or indirectly, of enhancing the stability and resources of the Negro American family."

But it was a road not to be taken. Reactions to the "Moynihan Report" became unexpectedly vicious. Critics on the left said it was "racist" to force blacks to live by "Western, middle class, white values." Female-headed families, they all agreed, represented a "healthy" adjustment by blacks to ghetto conditions. Lower-class and minority cultures should not be destroyed by "cultural imperialism," they added. Wounded and confused, Lyndon Johnson beat a hasty retreat.

In the years that followed, sociologists, psychologists, and anthropologists conducted a peculiar ideological assault on the American family model. Considered until then to be an extraordinary success and the model for developing nations across the globe, the American family was recast as narrow, mean-spirited, and destructive, a place of repression, the seed bed of sociopathic behavior.

During this time of intellectual ferment, the Democrats tended to avoid the family theme. It was resurrected only in 1976 when Jimmy Carter, a candidate with refreshing if endless naiveté, gave a widely admired campaign speech that pointed to rapidly growing levels of illegitimacy, desertion, and divorce in the United States. Carter concluded that "the American family is in trouble." In a subsequent address before a Roman Catholic audience, he pledged to call a White House conference on the American family to find ways to correct the problem. There is little doubt that this rural, "common sense" traditionalism lent Carter much of his early appeal.

Once in the Oval Office, though, Carter began his education in a *new* set of liberal pieties. There was no longer any model of family health, the party sociologists told him. Rather, Americans now lived in a guilt-free society with a variety of "life styles," which meant—in the words of a popular textbook—"that people [must] be able to feel that their life style is proper to them, even though it may not be a proper life style for other people." "The family" had become "families," Carter's social gurus added, an elastic term covering communal groupings, "gay" marriages, single-parent arrangements, and so on. The scales then fell from his eyes, and Carter saw that families were not really in trouble; they were simply changing! "Diversity" and "pluralism" were the new realities. Chastened, yet still grinning, Carter transformed his little assembly into "The White House Conference on Families," which eventually degenerated into farce. Administration-guided "celebrations" of the International Year of the Child and International Women's Year showed a similar hostility toward the nuclear family model, and a politically odd embrace of normlessness as a guiding principle. The Republicans had a field day in 1980.

In judging the "family" prospects for Mr. Mondale and Ms. Ferraro, it might also be useful to ask what a truly "pro family" Democratic platform, premised on government intervention and appealing to the Catholic tradition, would look like. Several governments—including those of France and Belgium—have actually constructed interventionist "family policies" responsive both to Catholic political pressure and to concepts originally laid out in the social encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII, Pius XI, and John Paul II. The family policies of these lands embrace:

- The concept of a "family wage," usually provided through an allowance paid to every family on a per child basis, and originally designed to allow the average laborer to support a wife and children in moderate comfort on one income.
- Special allowances, grants, or tax benefits to support parents (usually mothers) who stay at home to provide full-time care for their pre-school children.
- Grants to parents on the birth of a child.
- Special health-care programs covering all the costs of birthing and pre- and post-natal care.

One searches the 1984 Democratic platform in vain for such provisions, though. Indeed, the "family sensitive" parts of the platform would actually subvert the principles of Catholic social theory. In the section on women, for instance, the platform's unqualified support of "equal pay for work of comparable worth" cuts at the heart of the informal "family wage" system that long prevailed in the United States. The call for "universally available day-care with federal or business funding" runs exactly counter to the Catholic policy preference for maternal care of children. The endorsement of "reproductive freedom as a fundamental human right," the pledge to "end such acts" as "harassment against health providers and women" providing and pursuing abortion, the promise to develop "strong local family planning" programs, the vow "to restore full U.S. support for national and international population [control] programs," and the pledge to prohibit discrimination against homosexuals in the work-place and military all deny, explicitly or implicitly, the natalist bias found in the authentic Catholic tradition.

The Democrats' schizophrenia here comes from two sources. First, the party has not had a working model of the family since the mid-1960s when it abandoned the middle-class nuclear family during the furor over the Moynihan Report. With no criteria for social "health," there can be no social "pathology" and nothing for "social policy" to heal or accomplish. Consider the proverbial Martian who, without any criteria for "health," views a human cancer patient and sees not "disease" but only physical "change." In the same way, the Democrats are now unable to see family pathologies: All they perceive is diversity and random social "change." This leaves social policy as a mere com-

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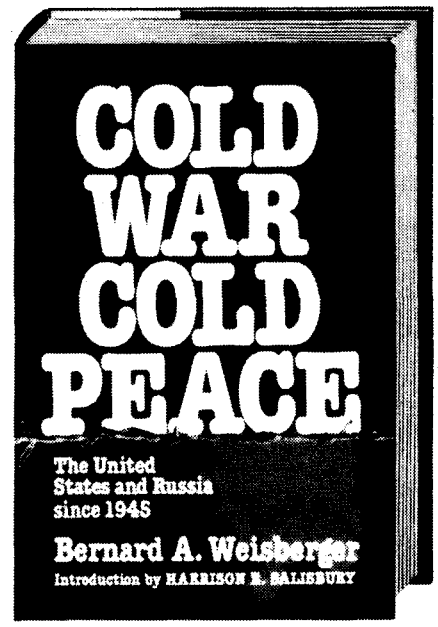

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petition for spoils, where efforts at income redistribution lose any possible moral justification.

Second, ideologies abhor a vacuum, and rival world views have impressed their mark on the Democratic party. Neo-Malthusians, taking political form in the population-control and environmentalist movements, truly fear the reproductive potential of the American people and have forced a strong anti-natalist bias on the party. Feminists, meanwhile, have sharply devalued "motherhood" to at least a secondary role, and their fingerprints are found all over the 1984 Democratic platform.

What, then, are the prospects for Democratic exploitation of the "family" theme? Actually, in the modern political house of mirrors, they're fairly good. In the battle of nostalgias, the Democrats have a potent hand: rhetorical and symbolic allusions to the pre-1965 past masking a radically different but adroitly concealed present agenda. Working to the Democrats' advantage are the current slippery nature of the "family" label and the apparent ignorance or indifference of many American Catholics about their own socio-political tradition. Even the majority of American bishops, one suspects, spend little time these days re-reading Papal encyclicals.

The Republicans have been more honest in linking their electoral program to their nostalgia. Indeed, in its emphasis on tax equity for families and the "life" issues, its flat rejection of "comparable worth," and its nod toward an anti-Malthusian population policy, the 1984 Republican version is probably the most explicitly "pro-family" platform in American political history.

Yet more is needed to frustrate Democratic designs. The Reagan campaign needs to expose the hollowness of its rival's "family" rhetoric and reveal the true ideologies now dominating the Democratic party. The campaign might usefully focus on the implicit racism and anti-child bias lurking behind the "reproductive freedom" and "national population program" labels. Or it might show how the Democratic party has sharply deviated from the social policy heritage of Roosevelt, Truman, Stevenson, and Johnson.

Admittedly, such tasks could be nasty, and they may best be left to others than the Great Communicator. Without such efforts, though, Mr. Mondale may just get away with his verbal and symbolic legerdemain. □

THE CAMPUS

YOUNG TURK TUNES

by Gregory A. Fossedal

Perhaps the most surprising—and least understood—news coming out of Harvard and Dartmouth, Berkeley and Kent State this fall is that students will most likely vote for Ronald Reagan. *Datum*: A 1984 *Los Angeles Times* poll finds that the greatest support for Ronald Reagan is among voters aged 18 to 39, particularly on the younger side. As of June, this group planned to vote for Reagan by a margin of 58 to 37 over Walter Mondale. Similarly, a 1981 *New York Times* poll showed the greatest support for Reaganomics coming from people age . . . 25 or younger. *Datum*: According to two recent surveys, the best read papers at Dartmouth College and the University of California, San Diego are not any of several left-of-center sheets published with administration subsidies, but the independent and infamous *Dartmouth Review* and *California Review*. Indeed, the *Berkeley Barb,* famed taunter of then-governor Ronald Reagan and citadel of anti-Vietnam sentiment, has folded. Its radical replacement is the *Berkeley Review,* which supports Reagan and tosses its barbs at "the establishment" from the opposite direction. *Datum*: Recent straw elections at several Ivy League, Big Ten, and Pac-8 schools show Mr. Reagan whipping the Democrats with majorities of 60 percent and more.

Gregory A. Fossedal is an editorial writer for the Wall Street Journal *and co-author of* A Defense that Defends. *He was a founder of the* Dartmouth Review, *where he appointed the first woman, black, Native American, and (Bombay) Indian to the staff.*

That this longstanding shift in student opinion passed unnoticed until the recent GOP convention can be attributed in large part to a continuing superstition that youthful activism can exist only on the left. The *New York Times*'s Stephen Engleberg recently wrote a feature piece on "Young Activists and Capital's Allure." He mentioned not a single conservative group, concentrating instead on youngsters working for Ralph Nader, Common Cause, and the like. Engleberg was innocently unaware that there exist similar activists working for Terry Dolan, Howard Phillips, Irving Kristol, or Midge Decter. Similarly, ABC's "20-20" recently showed a series of television news clips to Americans of various ages and occupations and races, asking them if assorted stories—on the Korean Airlines massacre, invasions of Afghanistan and Grenada, Vietnam, and so on—made them feel patriotic. The most frequent positive response came from World War veterans and high-school students. Again, there was a kind of sweet innocence as an ABC reporter concluded that "the young people . . . thought of Vietnam as a place where America fought communism."

Straight election coverage manifests a more active bias. "The flow of young people into conservative activism today," estimates Morton Blackwell, president of the Leadership Institute, "is at least twice what it was four years ago. And four times what it was eight to ten years ago." Yet news coverage throughout the year has focused on the nuclear freeze movement (remember the freeze?), candidates Jesse Jackson and Gary Hart, and now, Geraldine Ferraro, all alleged focal points for youthful enthusiasm and new ideas.

As the elephants herded into Dallas, some Republicans and network correspondents did begin to take note of the new shift in youth opinion. Even so, they refused to recognize this development for what it is. The GOP's Libby Dole pointed to the youth movement as a kind of defense against the Gender Gap, proof positive that Democrats may have blacks, women, hunchbacks, and Hispanics, but Republicans have their favored groups, too. For the networks, it was a curio, an interesting anomaly. ABC saw a good photo opportunity to haul a few strange Reagan delegates, age 18 to 21, before the camera. The news of Reaganite youths was presented, in other words, as a sort of freak show—and not as a deep-seated political and social shift.

As a result, many have missed the real developments and are ignorant of the substantial changes effected by these activists on the nation's campuses. These students have been successful not by presenting formal manifestos or lists of demands, but in pursuing a loose collection of principles and goals. *Human Events* outlined that basic agenda a few years ago:

> A renewed emphasis on achievement in the classroom, on sports and productive activities, as against the '60s ethos of equality, self-expression, and guilt . . . A balanced offering of courses and teachers:

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classes on economics taught by supply-siders as well as Marxists . . . And, a traditional curriculum emphasizing Western culture and values, basic math and science skills, and control of the language, as against courses on "alternative lifestyle networks" and "A Leninist view of Afro-American sculpture."

In recent years, this agenda has made remarkable progress. Harvard has been through one modest curricular reform and may go through another. Columbia University retains a mandatory but popular freshman course in the great works. Dartmouth College, under prodding from English Professor Jeffrey Hart, is expanding its great works program and may serve as a model for other schools—if the administration acts this fall on a proposed grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Dartmouth also plans to bring back ROTC, a step Princeton took several years ago. Participation in sports, both for men and women, is up dramatically, according to the National Collegiate Athletic Association. Efforts to eliminate fraternities in recent years have failed at the University of Washington, Amherst, and dozens of other schools. Often, student-organized protest played a major role. One sit-in to defend the Amherst houses last spring involved a revealing feature: Students worked in shifts so as not to miss any classes.

Others have waged a successful battle over the use of college funds to subsidize the growing and bloated bureaucracies, channeled with a certain bias for left-wing causes. Public Interest Research Groups, or "PIRGs," an offshoot of Ralph Nader's efforts in Washington, have been successfully de-funded at a number of schools, and are under broad attack elsewhere, as Laura Ingraham reported in these pages last October. Princeton's *Prospect* magazine charts the school's choice of speakers every year to determine signs of ideological bias. The slant is always heavily leftward, but has moderated under *Prospect*'s watchful eye in recent years. The *California Review*, denied the subsidies given several student papers, indeed not even allowed an office or cubbyhole, has successfully lobbied the student council to reconsider. That battle will pick up again this fall.

Perhaps the bitterest fight will take place at my alma mater, Dartmouth College. A sophomore, Teresa Polenz, faces possible expulsion for an exposé on the activities of the school's (subsidized) Gay Student Association. Of course, Dartmouth's history of witch trials has been well publicized. Five of the last six editors of the *Dartmouth Review* were involved in criminal or civil cases by university officials, with several still pending. But the school's low tactics now appear to be reaching a new high. Several Dartmouth officials, including President David McLaughlin, have accused Polenz publicly of violating the state's wiretapping statute. Actually, what Miss Polenz did was to tape a public meeting, open to all students, that had been advertised in the student daily. The college's pressure on New Hampshire officials has produced a grand jury investigation, yet Dartmouth officials now deny any efforts to press the case. Meanwhile, college attorneys and Mr. McLaughlin have already publicized contradictory statements about when the college learned of the grand jury investigation. Anything may happen in the coming weeks, but as the strange controversy continues to unfold, it appears that it is the university itself that is on trial.

Elders often find it hard to understand such fights. Though they prefer the outrageous newspapers of the 1980s to the blown-up buildings of the 1960s, they find the tone of the new activists "strident," their tactics too unorthodox. Why so much effort to defund a few homosexuals? Why say things that can be portrayed as disrespectful?

One answer is that there really is much more at stake here. To the classical liberal, procedures and manners are not a mere technicality, but are in fact, as T.S. Eliot wrote, the incarnation of the whole culture: Or as Yeats put it, "How can we know the dancer from the dance?" In the case of Miss Polenz, students are fighting not against gays, but against a whole culture of "tolerance" (read: support) for the "rights" (read: asserted privileges) of members of the community (read: alleged victims) to live in a diverse (note: diverse racially or sexually, not necessarily intellectually) environment and select their own sexual preference (perversion) free of having morality imposed on them (mentioned to them). The unstated rule of liberal culture is that such claims, or institutions like the GSA advancing them, are beyond scrutiny. To expose and challenge this unstated, suppressive culture and replace it with one rooted in Western tradition is not only defensible, it is vital.

In this sense, the activists cannot be strictly evaluated on the left-wing, right-wing spectrum. In opposing a dominant culture on the campus, they are acting more precisely as populists opposing elitism. Like their predecessors in the Vietnam era, they trust people more than they do the "establishment." But their understanding of the term "establishment" has greatly broadened. Students have come to recognize that big government, big labor, and Common Cause are not enemies of the "establishment," they *are* the "establishment." Like big business and the military, they are all to be feared as centers of power that threaten individual freedom and tend to remove themselves from public accountability. As Richard Viguerie, a leading propounder of this populist model, explains, today's youth are not sudden converts of Exxon and General Motors. "Their models," he says, "are Apple Computer and Federal Express." Last year the *Chronicle of Higher Education* reported on a huge surge in small business start-ups by college students. All this suggests a faith in free people and their traditional institutions of family and private enterprise—i.e., populism, rightly understood.

Reaganites and Mondalers ought to be aware of these changes. For the former, a golden opportunity exists to seize the future. If the GOP emerges from Dallas prepared to tap this feeling amongst our youth by running a bold campaign of ideas, a historic sea change in American politics could occur. Such a campaign, broadly, might include: a pledge not to raise taxes and indeed a promise to cut them further along the lines of the Kemp-Kasten flat tax; a blueprint for a return to the gold standard; actual construction of Star Wars defenses in space; a sweeping program to convert IMF and World Bank austerity schemes into a plan for world economic growth. These are all in the GOP platform, but will the GOP run on them?

It is still possible that Mr. Reagan might simply concentrate on negative attacks on the "Carter-Mondale years," in effect looking backward to 1980—or even 1972 or 1956, when the GOP won the White House but surrendered congressional seats, ideas, and enthusiasm to the Left. Mac Carey, Jack Kemp's 25-year-old press secretary, sees the alternatives for Reagan as clear: "He can cement the GOP as the party of ideas in a second term, or we can have four years of tax hikes, IMF bailouts, and appropriations vetoes. If so, young people will lose interest in his presidency. They may even be forced back into the Democratic party; blacks and minorities and women will look to government for hope, instead of to enterprise zones and tax cuts."

Certainly pressure on Reagan is strong from those within the GOP who are afraid of any daring campaign initiatives, and who continue to regard the new activism of campus conservatives as a liability. Throughout the last several years, for example, the College Republicans, under the leadership of Jack Abramoff, have been engaged in a kind of guerrilla war for an aggressive fall campaign. Abramoff has led the push for inclusion of the Star Wars idea and the flat tax and gold standard in the Reagan campaign. The CR's have even published a series of posters that have some members of the Washington community afraid to go outdoors. One features a picture of the orotund Tip O'Neill, circumscribed by a dotted line with a suggestion to "cut the fat out of government." Another notes the strange convergence between what is said at nuclear freeze rallies and in Tass press releases. It calls for voters to "support the nuclear freeze—the Soviet Union needs you." All this activity has attracted thousands of young volunteers to Reagan's campaign. Yet when Abramoff requested money for a $300,000 youth campaign, he was flatly turned down. Gag orders have come down from on high to "tone down" Abramoff and his merry gang.

Not surprisingly, then, many of these young turks are pessimistic that a Reagan second term will include them and their concerns. Perhaps it is worth remembering, though, that Reagan's second four years as governor were increasingly dominated by such youngsters as Jeff Bell and Martin Anderson, then in their twenties. A large pool of similar talent now exists for the tapping. Don't bet the house, but do cross your fingers. □

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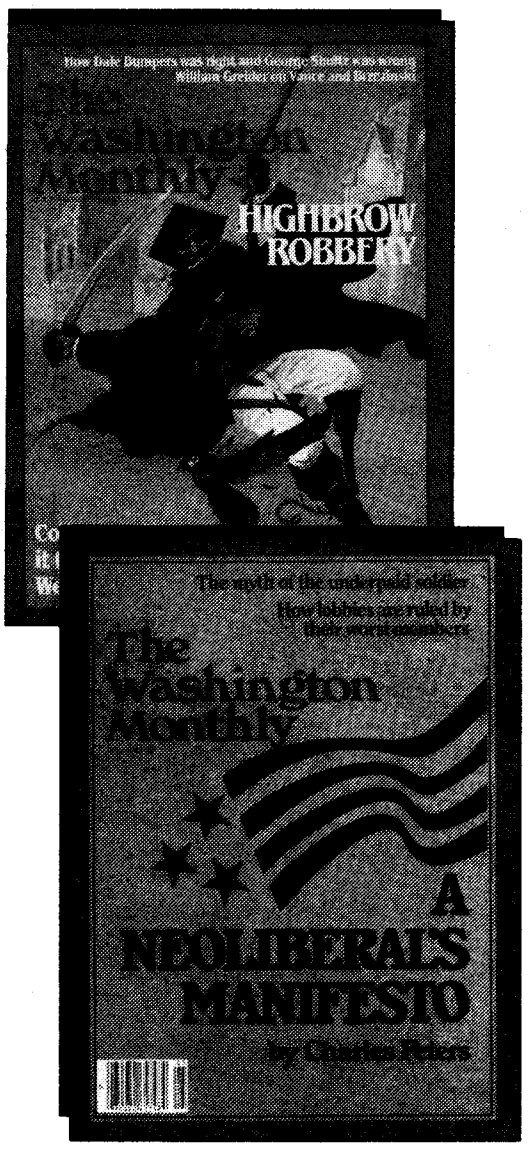

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE CHANGE IN THE EUROPEAN BALANCE OF POWER, 1938-1939: THE PATH TO RUIN

Williamson Murray/Princeton University Press
$50.00; $9.50 paper

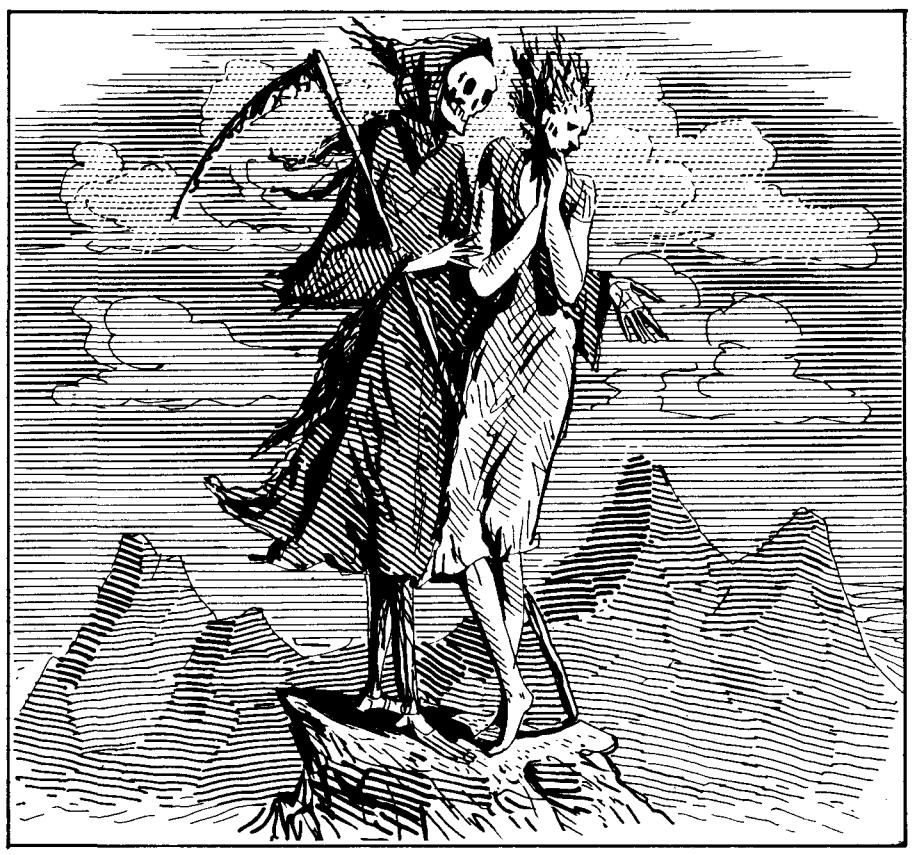
Paul A. Rahe

Back in April, when the Democrats of New York had the opportunity to register their preference for Walter Mondale, Gary Hart, or Jesse Jackson, Mondale and Hart pretty much ignored Jackson's antics and, instead, spent the better part of their time trying to outdo each other in demonstrating their zeal for the nuclear freeze and their antipathy to the faltering and sometimes clumsy attempts of the Reagan Administration to support American interests and the cause of liberal democracy in Central America. Senator Fritz Hollings, who had endorsed Hart after the collapse of his own abortive bid for the nomination, was reportedly appalled. "The next President should hire two historians and fire his pollsters," he contended.

On the face of it, this might appear to be sage advice. No friend of representative democracy and no one concerned with the long-term well-being of this country can welcome the increasing trend toward government by public opinion polls. But Hollings's alternative may be worse: The distinguished senator from South Carolina would, in fact, have a hard time finding historians in this country as saddened by the mad scramble toward isolationism as he seems to be. On the whole, American historians (and students of American history in particular) are like the rest of their compatriots—a parochial lot. Very few of them know much about the larger world, and those who study the history of American foreign relations rarely have a command of any language but English. The consequences are obvious: Those who do not limit themselves to writing dispatch history (summarizing the latest batch of internal documents released to the public by the State Department) tend to treat our floundering attempts to deal with the world outside our borders as an extension of domestic politics and American intellectual history or as a reflection of corporate plotting and right-wing machinations. The histories of the Cold War assigned to university students in this country are generally written by men who know nothing of Russian—much less Czech, Polish, German, Serbo-Croation, Chinese, Korean, Vietnamese, Greek, Turkish, Persian, or Arabic. It is no wonder that the authors of these books seem to think that the United States is somehow responsible for everything that happens in the world for good or for ill—and particularly for ill. Even if they knew better, they would be unable to do the research required for serious work in their chosen field.

Accordingly, Fritz Hollings's President might well get better advice from his pollsters. No one combining good sense with an intimate knowledge of the American academy would be sanguine that Jimmy Carter would have received better counsel concerning the hostage crisis from a historian than he secured from Pat Caddell. In fact, the ordinary voter—on those rare occasions when dramatic events like the revolution in Iran or the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan focus his attention on foreign affairs—has a keener appreciation that there are malevolent forces out there than many of the most distinguished of our diplomatic historians.

Hollings's advice is nonetheless in principle sound. Expertise and a knowledge of past history are obviously an advantage. The problem is that historians possessed of such expertise and knowledge are few and far between—particularly if one is interested in assessing the consequences of going or of not going to war under particular circumstances. The study of armed conflict has not in the recent past recommended itself to our intellectual elite. Anyone familiar with the book trade knows that military history is a perennial favorite with the book-reading public. But it is not similarly favored among academic historians: After all, nice people are far too refined to pay attention to such things; and, anyway, if we ignore war and banish from polite company those with the bad taste to remind us of its presence, it might just go away. In the last two decades, you would have been hard put to find a course at any of our most respected universities that focused on the planning, the preparation, and the actual fighting of any war more recent than the one which Thucydides described in such wonderful, seductive detail.



To find such a course, one would ordinarily have had to journey away from the East coast—to, say, Columbus, Ohio where not only do they know how to play football, but (miracle of miracles!) there is a department in which military history flourishes. To find a modern historian better able to counsel a President on foreign affairs than his pollsters, one would be well advised to go to the same place—at least if Ohio State professor Williamson Murray's splendid book on Munich and its consequences is any indication. Murray would clearly bring to the task the three qualities required: an inquisitive mind, an unbelievable capacity for research, and the sense to know what matters and what does not. The last of these qualities is the hardest to find. Many scholars have written about Munich; no one before this has managed to put the entire story together. The general outlines have long been known, but the most important pieces in the puzzle were missing or in large part ignored.

Now, that has all changed—and Murray has collected and analyzed the most important of the relevant material. His question is a simple one: How did the events which transpired at Munich in September 1938 affect the war-making capacity of the powers that came into conflict a year later? Did Chamberlain win crucial time for his country? Was he, in fact, largely responsible for Germany's loss in the Battle of Britain? Or did the British and the French exchange a position of considerable strength for one of comparative weakness? And did Hitler know what he was doing? Was he well informed regarding the state of the German economy, the condition of his own military forces, and the situation in Britain and France? What were his intentions? And did he and Germany gain or lose by the decisions made in the late thirties?

Murray's response to these questions in *The Change in the European Balance of Power, 1938-1939* is informed by an unsurpassed familiarity

Paul A. Rahe will spend the next two years in Istanbul as a fellow of the Institute of Current World Affairs.

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with the surviving evidence for German and Allied efforts in the course of the war itself. Barely eighteen months prior to the appearance of this book, the U.S. Government Printing Office published Murray's *Strategy for Defeat: The Luftwaffe 1933-1945* for the Air University. This, his first book, was a lengthy and extraordinarily detailed account of the creation of the Luftwaffe and of the long and bloody war of attrition that subsequently took place in the skies over Europe, the Mediterranean, and North Africa. Murray wrote that earlier work from the perspective of grand strategy, and he has rightly adopted the same approach here. In the very first paragraph of the initial chapter, he makes it clear that he takes Hitler at his word—that the Nazi leader seriously intended from the moment he became Chancellor to devote his considerable energy to one goal: the destruction of the Versailles treaty and the achievement of German dominance within Europe. Accordingly, Murray then devotes the remaining paragraphs of the chapter to an assessment of the obstacles that stood in Hitler's way.

They were, in fact, considerable. Germany may well have lost the First World War because she lacked the resources necessary for modern warfare; the allied blockade had been critical, if not decisive. In the 1930s, Germany faced even greater difficulties than she had twenty years before. The technology of war made far greater demands on her resources than in the past; she was confined within narrower boundaries than in 1914; and her ally Austria-Hungary had been replaced by a collection of states—generally divided, but united in their suspicion of German aims. Eventually, of course, Mussolini rallied to the cause, but the Italy he carried into the alliance was, if anything, even more dependent upon the import of raw materials from abroad than Hitler's Germany. In time of war, the Italian presence would only add to Germany's already grievous economic burdens.

In truth, coal was the only strategic resource the Germans possessed in great abundance, and their coal fields lay within easy reach of forces attacking from France, Poland, or Czechoslovakia. To rearm, the Nazis would have to import most of what was required, and they were always short of the necessary foreign exchange. This fact, more than any other, explains why the effort to rearm in depth was stymied from the start, and it virtually dictated the timing of the outbreak of war. Since rearmament in depth was out of the question, to accomplish his ends Hitler followed a strategy aimed at achieving *temporary* military superiority and taking advantage of the window of opportunity this would afford him. Only after extensive conquests would Germany be in command of the resources and the industrial base necessary for the rearmament effort to reach completion —and such conquests would only be possible if the British and the French resolutely sat on their hands and allowed Hitler to create that window of opportunity. To those horrified at the size of our current military budget, devoutly opposed to our building the B-1 bomber and the MX missile, and distressed above all else by our inability to put a stop to the arms race, Murray's book should give pause. Millions of men, women, and children lost their lives in the 1940s precisely because there was no arms race in the decade before. While Chamberlain piously sought the moral high ground, Hitler variously promised peace and threatened war as the occasion demanded—while all the time preparing for the conflict to come.

To be sure, Hitler and his advisers made a number of serious errors in their planning. But most of their blunders had little effect because the various armed services proved flexible in doctrine, willing to experiment, and quick to take note of their own deficiencies. Furthermore, while the multiplication of competing and hostile bureaucracies which the Nazi regime fostered no doubt contributed much to corruption, waste, and mismanagement, that corruption, waste, and mismanagement proved remarkably fruitful in the end—for the very diversity of the weapons systems devised by the various departments left Hitler, his civilian advisers, and his generals free to order mass production of those that actually did the job. As it pertained to the *Wehrmacht,* rearmament was a conservative effort aimed at reproducing the army that had lost in the First World War. But because the cautious men at the top were anything but hidebound, they were willing to tolerate experiments with panzer divisions; and when these experiments proved successful, they altered their doctrine accordingly. Much the same was true of the Luftwaffe. From its inception, strategic bombing was to be its principal purpose. But the men in Berlin were ultimately, if grudgingly, willing to learn from the experience of Wolfram von Richthofen with the Condor Legion in Spain. As a consequence, the Luftwaffe of the early war years was surprisingly ready and able to provide ground troops with close air support.

Fortunately for us, there was one important exception to this pattern. In the First World War, the German submarine campaign against Allied shipping had come perilously close to bringing Britain to her knees; and the development of air power promised to change the nature of conflict at sea. From this, Hitler's admirals learned little. Convinced that antisubmarine tactics had rendered the U-Boat virtually obsolete, they repeated the blunders of Tirpitz and the other planners responsible for the development of the German navy prior to World War I and concentrated on surface raiders during the period of rearmament. As a result, in September 1939 Germany possessed no aircraft carriers and only 26 submarines. In the first year of the war, 35 more U-Boats entered service, but 28 were lost at sea. Yet, in the great convoy battles of 1942-43, German submarines came remarkably close to winning the Battle of the Atlantic and thereby the war. One may shudder to think (but one *must* ponder nonetheless) what would have happened if even a moderate proportion of the resources devoted in the 1930s to building battleships and cruisers had been allocated to the U-Boat program instead.

The mistakes made by the *Flottenabteilung* and the failure of the Nazi leadership to alter the admirals' allocation of resources suggest what Murray subsequently asserts: Though the Germans were adept at devising tactics and at training soldiers, airmen, and sailors, they were deficient in grand strategy. Like the American leaders who forfeited the struggle in Vietnam, the Germans never properly determined what it would mean to win the war and were therefore unable to outline a strategy aimed at achieving that end. In this respect, the British Chiefs of Staff come off rather well. But they remained ineffectual in large part because they were generally less assertive than their German counterparts. When Neville Chamberlain and his Cabinet posed the proper ques-

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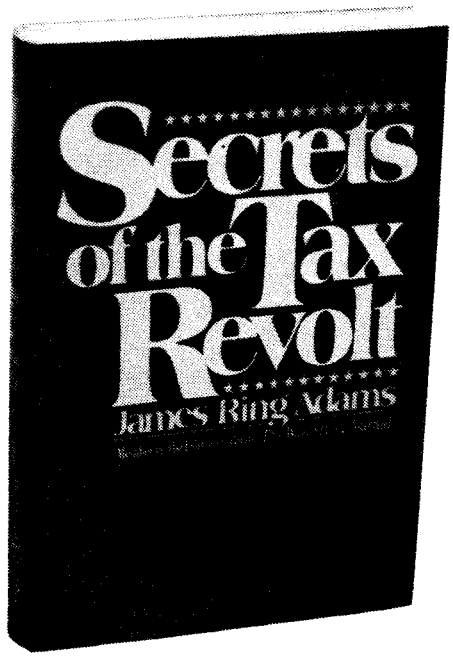

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tions, the soldiers usually produced solid and sensible studies—but when the British Prime Minister and his associates asked the wrong questions (as they almost always did), the Chiefs of Staff rarely intervened to set them right. As a consequence, Churchill was virtually alone in grasping the importance of what had occurred at Munich. He alone was able to tell the "loyal, brave people" of Britain that they had "sustained a defeat without a war" and that "the whole equilibrium of Europe [had] been deranged." The government documents indicate that Chamberlain and his closest advisers paid almost no attention to the military consequences of their endeavor; they were men with a mission—and in their quest for peace, they left nary a stone unturned.

Murray nowhere suggests that Munich was in and of itself decisive; it simply set the seal on all that had come before. British policy—from 1933 down to the collapse of the Chamberlain government in May 1940—was cut from one cloth. Neville Chamberlain and those near him were no more adept in the actual conduct of war than they had been in the conduct of diplomacy in the months preceding September 1939. Only when Winston Churchill became Prime Minister did Britain possess what Murray calls "a driving, strategic force at the center." Only then did Britain begin actively to pursue a concerted policy aimed at a specific, attainable end: the destruction of the Nazi regime.

In the final chapter of his book, Murray draws attention to an entry in the index that Lloyd George added to his memoirs. Under "military mind," the British statesman listed "narrowness of"; "stubbornness of, not peculiar to America"; "does not seem to understand arithmetic"; "impossibility of trusting"; "regards thinking as a form of mutiny"; and the like. Murray does not say anything in this context about his own index. But the subject repays investigation. For there the author abandons his customary restraint—and, under the entry "civilian mind," one finds "narrowness of, not confined to universities"; "appoints diplomatic mediator on basis of complete unfamiliarity with issues";"bases diplomatic estimate on comments of German butler"; "cannot find fortifications on a map"; "infinite capacity for self-delusion"; "thinks that horses and violins have similarities"; and other like references. The entry is amusing, but—sad to say—justified, and it causes one to wonder whether the young leaders turned out by elite universities that shun the study of military history will not exemplify what the author of this careful study has in mind when he speaks of the "civilian mind."

Williamson Murray has written an important and timely book—important because it reveals more clearly than any other recent work what true statesmanship requires, and timely because it treats of an era, decisive in shaping our own age, that is nonetheless rapidly passing from memory. The theme adopted by Gary Hart in the primaries last spring deserves notice. It may take four years; it will, I hope, take longer. But it will happen—and it will happen relatively soon: Before long, we will be subject to the guidance of a President representative of "a new generation" shaped by the war in Vietnam and almost entirely ignorant of the manner in which the liberal democracies were weighed in the balance and found wanting in the 1930s. Nicaragua and El Salvador can no more properly be equated with Czechoslovakia than with South Vietnam. But when American leaders cease to ponder in Munich's light the consequences of our abandoning to the enemies of freedom small countries, far away, of which we know little or nothing, the world will have become a much more dangerous place. □

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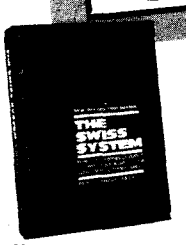

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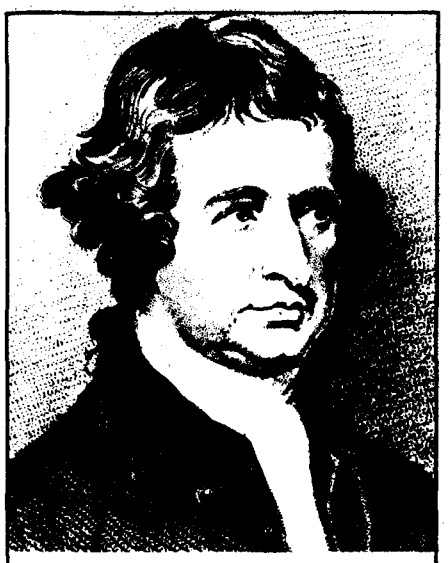

"...a remote and difficult country, and such a Spirit as now animates them may do strange things."

—Edmund Burke, writing on America in August, 1775.

Burke was remarkable among the English politicians of his day in being friendly towards the American Revolution. In his Introduction to the SELECTED LETTERS OF EDMUND BURKE, Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr., compares Burke to Toqueville and Churchill in his ability to grasp the significance of events. It was this very ability, Mansfield writes, and the passion with which Burke warned of dangers that only he could fully appreciate, that kept him from being entrusted with high office.

Mansfield has organized his selection to reveal the grand themes of Burke's political philosophy—his views on such issues as party politics; reform and revolution; British relations with America, India, and Ireland; and religious toleration.

Although Burke is regarded as the grandfather of modern conservatism, he does not, Mansfield points out, fit comfortably into American conservatism of the 1980s. Mansfield also notes that those conservatives of the 1950s who made Burke a purveyor of the theory of natural law overlooked the fact that Burke himself constantly warned of the evils that would inevitably follow upon the intrusion of any theory into political practice.

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Caroline P. Niemczyk

What are the children of a competent, creative, successful ruling class to do when it is their turn to take charge? For the Virginia sons and daughters of the Founding Fathers it seems the answer was never self-evident. In fact, through worry, ambivalence, and lack of purposeful effort, they forfeited the power that had been their elders'. Notwithstanding the two-term presidencies of the Virginians Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, which span the 1800-to-1824 period of "Jeffersonian America," the Old Dominion elite—even those who held seats in Congress—felt increasingly uninterested in and estranged from public leadership, and especially national politics. With the Tennessean Andrew Jackson's stunning popular election in 1828, the era of the Virginia Dynasty was over. Where once Virginia had supplied leaders who helped to found a republic, now other states, especially New York, South Carolina, Massachusetts, and Ohio, rushed in to claim the central vantage points of power in Congress, the White House, and party politics.

Jan Lewis, in *The Pursuit of Happiness,* and Daniel P. Jordan, in *Political Leadership in Jefferson's Virginia*, both gave the upper-crust "second generation" a lot of back-handed credit for sticking to their conservative principles through a series of self-defeating decisions. These are refreshing histories in which the men and women under study are not hapless victims of impersonal historical forces but are free agents, capable of making the important choices in their lives. They are equally culpable, then, when their dogged behavior leads to economic and political defeat and personal despair.

Indeed, these elite seemed to have lived in order to despair. Their introspection, unfortunately, was far more morbid than deeply searching. It led only to the depressing realization that they were losing their grip in politics, money-making, status, and in the pursuit of happiness generally. In this observation they were right. Even as Virginia seemed to be at the height of her power—in farming, in commerce, and in political influence—events left outmoded the ruling gentry's traditional way of life. The slave-driven plantations lost their competitive edge to non-slave farming; the state as a whole suffered several sharp economic declines without ever fully recovering; other states invested more aggressively in transportation infrastructure such as roads and canals and outstripped Virginia in manufacturing and agricultural efficiency; other cities and states fostered the political leaders of the next era and the institutionalized and competitive party apparatus with which to perpetuate their power.

Virginia's elite, as if distant spectators, watched themselves losing power and prominence but generally refused to engage in new tactics to maintain or enhance their position. A few of the gentry moved to the city and became lawyers; most remained farmers in the old, time-honored tradition. Rather than make an effort to change and prosper, they preferred to sulk, watching their investments dwindle and their debts rise. Jordan quotes Francis Walker Gilmer, who wrote in 1821, "We may struggle 'till doomsday,' but Virginia is a barren country, and all which it inherit must be poor—adventitious circumstances have deceived us—but nature will work its way—we may boast of the Chesapeake bay, and think we are a great people; but we are from this day forth, tributary to northern shoe makers, Irish potato, pumpkin, and Rutabaga-man."

Gilmer's fatalistic self-pity is repeated often by other spokesmen in Lewis's and Jordan's books. Indeed, it seems that when a member of the upper class wrote in a diary or to family or friends, it was an exercise in wailing, breast-beating, and teeth-gnashing. Proud of Virginia's glorious revolutionary past, the elite greeted the present and future with deep misgivings. The extravagance of emotion on this point is impressive and repugnant and, as Lewis points out, more unrestrained than anything an eighteenth-century Virginian would have written. Some, like Lelia Tucker, thought life so unrewarding that death at an early age would have been the perfect antidote to adult responsibilities: "Who of us has not wished in bitterness of spirit, wished a thousand times & a thousand times that it had pleased our heavenly Father to have taken us to his bosom in our days of childhood. . . . "

Lewis provides an entertaining sample of such extracts from the diaries and letters of prominent Virginians in an effort to show how this group turned from public life and toward family and other personal concerns. Each passage drips with sentimentality or protestations of intense religiosity, familial piety, and world-weariness. Very few are the men and women who could honestly strike a note of optimism, ambition, or humor. Farmers, politicians, lawyers, all bemoaned "this World of selfishness," of "trouble and deceit," a "theatre of *vice & wickedness*," a "howling wilderness of woe."

Lewis emphasizes that the elite believed they had a ready alternative to their genteel distress. They could choose, so they reasoned, to ape the energy and gumption of the Yankee. But this was denigrated as a Hobson's choice. As more and more Virginians engaged in non-agricultural economic activity, the landed gentry shrank in disgust. Peachy Gilmer wrote in 1827, "Virginians have become Yankeys as to all that is bad. . . . They have become coarse, rude, dishonest and in all things fraudulent. . . . Delicacy is considered as a hindrance to enterprize and business; refinement hypocrasy; politeness affectation. . . . "

With this sort of attitude toward the new republic's world of commerce, westward movement, "internal improvements," and hurly-burly politics in the nation's capital, it is little wonder that the upper-class heirs-apparent were left in the dust wondering where America had gone. One can taste the sour grapes in Thomas Jefferson's daughter's brisk admonition to her child to stay out of politics: "It's a paltry business." She had served her widower father only a few years earlier as the First Lady of the White House.

Here is one paradox of Jeffersonian Virginia: It would seem that some fundamental reordering of values had occurred between the eighteenth century's generation of active men—Washington, Jefferson, Mason,

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Henry, and so on—and their nineteenth-century, Romantic progeny. As Lewis puts it, " . . . when those sons of the gentry for whom civic affairs had been a way of life withdrew from politics to serve their families first and only, a tradition was broken, a way of life itself profoundly changed." This is true to a point but is a misleading way to pose the issue. It is important to remember, as does Professor Jordan, that the *beau ideal* of many of the Virginia Founding Fathers had been to separate America from England's "corrupting" commercial empire, to establish a republic that would function like "clockwork" (Jefferson's phrase), and to get back to life's finer activities—farming, a bit of abstract philosophizing, and enjoying one's family. George Washington was hailed by his peers for a host of worthy attributes and accomplishments. Not least of these was the alacrity with which he returned to Mount Vernon after each successful stint in public life and the reluctance with which he left his farm when drafted anew to serve his country.

Furthermore, the second generation did not entirely withdraw "from politics to serve their families first and only." Jordan's study of Virginia's congressional delegation demonstrates that many gentry remained active in public life. What changed in this period were the terms on which offices were gained and power exercised, and the elite became ever more disenchanted by the changes. With the creation of a nation-state, the center of power and the aim of ambitious men shifted from the House of Burgesses to the House of Delegates to the General Assembly and then out of the state altogether to the Continental Congress and finally to the U.S. House of Representatives, the Senate, and the White House. A good number of Virginia's gentry—forming the majority of the state's congressional delegation—made that journey. Yet there was a world of difference between serving in the state capital and serving in Washington, D.C. In the early 1800s, Williamsburg and Richmond (the capital from 1789-80) were centers of luxury and of social and intellectual life. Washington was a swamp. Serving there was considered by many to be an expensive, time-consuming, and excruciating burden. From Washington, Representative John Clopton wrote to his son, "To leave all the comforts of home to be here in my situation O what a fool I have been."

So if one thinks of the Founding Fathers as rising to the challenge of creating a new nation, one must also realize that their offspring faced different challenges. For some unknown reason, Lewis, while always careful to contrast what she labels "pre-Revolutionary" with "post-Revolutionary" behavior, fails to make clear why the Revolution made a difference. Perhaps this is because she is intent on rendering a psychological portrait of relations between generations, in which parents reared their children according to a patrician ideal, and the children, in turn, adopted lives more indolent than energetic. But to remove the story, as Lewis does, from its historical context is neither good psychology nor good history.

Jordan's study, on the other hand, does take seriously the new circumstances that tested the second generation's mettle. He analyzes the personal background and political behavior of the period's ninety-eight congressmen from Virginia, placing these men amid the very real demands they encountered. Some of the tangible factors that changed during this era were political. Electoral districts were expanded and, to the gentry's growing discomfort, a campaign could no longer be waged as it had been for a hundred years by "treating" friends and neighbors to extemporaneous elec-

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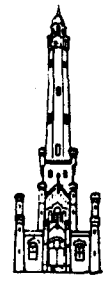

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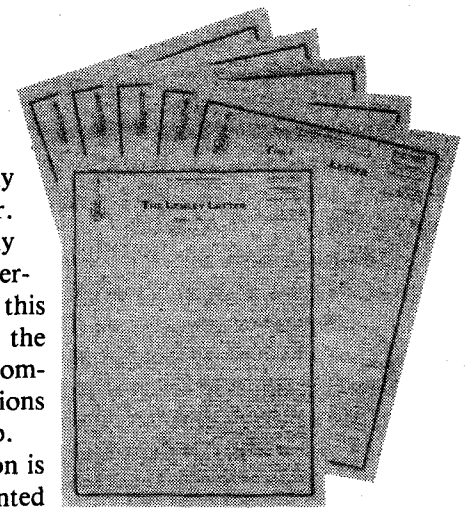

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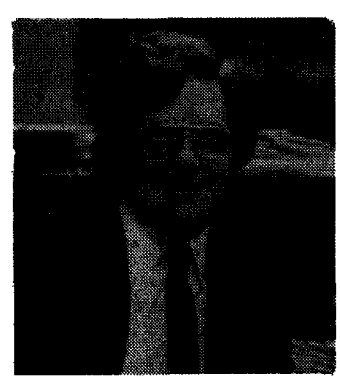

Ralph J. Lemley, Senior Vice President of the Chicago Corporation and author of the monthly Lemley Letter.

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tion-day speeches and ladles of grog. Candidates were now expected to glad-hand total strangers, to distribute handbills, to debate in newspapers and on the stump, and, of course, to ladle grog. Once elected, the representative no longer spent a brief, convivial sojourn in the state capital but undertook a full-time marathon amid the mosquitos and boarding houses by the Potomac. Politics became less an avocation and more the realm of professional politicians.

Also, the creation of new courts on the district, state, and federal levels undermined the justices of the peace, a gentry-controlled gateway to local and higher offices, from sheriff to legislator. Numbered or gone were the days of the gentleman justices, kingpins usually related in a web of kinship who individually or collectively wielded executive, legislative, and judicial authority. All this cramped the gentry's style. Many remained farmers and simply stepped out of the now more demanding world of politics. Younger upper-class men of promise slowly began to enter other fields. Some, like Robert E. Lee, went to West Point; some became lawyers; others moved out of Virginia entirely, like Henry Clay, succeeded elsewhere, and never looked back.

Jordan also underscores the importance of economic factors. For decades Virginia had suffered waves of economic distress, and this period was no exception. Common sense tells us that economic depressions are psychologically depressing, and these studies confirm it. The 1807 Embargo and the Panic of 1819 took their toll on the gentry's self-confidence. The Tidewater region, the home of the most established elite, suffered disproportionately. Yet the gentry generally chose to remain slave-holding farmers, plugging along in the same manner as their forefathers, even though shifts in the economy sank them further into debt. The western Piedmont and Trans-Allegheny sections of Virginia fared a bit better, buoyed by a more diversified and resilient economy. The region's industrious Scotch-Irish and German lower- and middle-class citizens chafed under eastern gentry dominance in Richmond. But the westerners made no headway in either more state spending for transportation or a more equitable representation in the General Assembly, both of which might have spared Virginia further economic decline.

Beyond this "sectional" challenge to the gentry's dominance was the sticky problem of finding an appropriate political response to the economic depressions. In colonial days the Crown and Commons could be pilloried. Now depressions were suffered under a government of one's own making. Adding insult to injury, these declines were palpably related to the policies of Virginia's own native son Presidents. In the instance of the Embargo, Jefferson had willfully engineered the distress, hoping to rekindle the Revolutionary spirit of self-sacrifice. Jordan concludes that the Virginia delegation performed as Jefferson's obedient lieutenants, carrying the commander's messages back to their districts, defending their leader, and little questioning an immensely unpopular policy. But the entire process was debilitating. As they had on other occasions, the elite chose reaction to creative activity, serving Jefferson, one of their own, in blind loyalty.

The succeeding Presidents, Madison and Monroe, however, lacked Jefferson's personal charisma and failed to control the Virginia delegation as deftly. They also faced growing challenges in Washington. New congressional and party institutions gradually shifted power from the President to Congress. Chief among these were a more influential Speaker of the House, contenders for the Presidency who mastered factional obstruction in Congress, and a more sophisticated system of standing committees. Virginia's delegation could not lay claim to these new sources of authority because they had shunned their development. Virginians were masterful, on the other hand, at manipulating the congressional nominating caucus that placed Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe in the White House. But this institution was being made obsolete and eventually extinct by the contemporaneous rise of the competitive party system that brought Jackson to power. The Virginians were, as Jordan says, "caught between the first and second party systems and were a bit incongruous in both."

For all their vaunted power, these were men clearly out of step with the times. They knew it, and their women folk did too. Their complaints were not just about love and money but also about stature in the world. A steady whine sounds from these books' pages as the gentry argue that they deserve better—not that they will work for it, mind you, since deference is due rather than earned. Only a few contemporaries, it seems, rejected this sort of indolence, the "musing & melancholy," as Ellen Coolidge, Jefferson's granddaughter, called it. Her peers, she thought, "cannot dash from their lips" a draught drugged with self-pity: "Drink deeply and often, if you would become useless, enervated, repining, unfit for the situation in which you are

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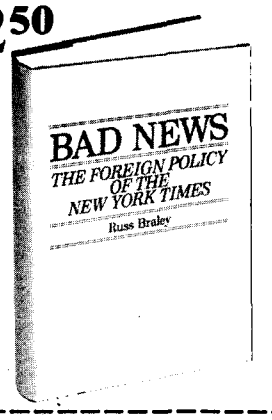

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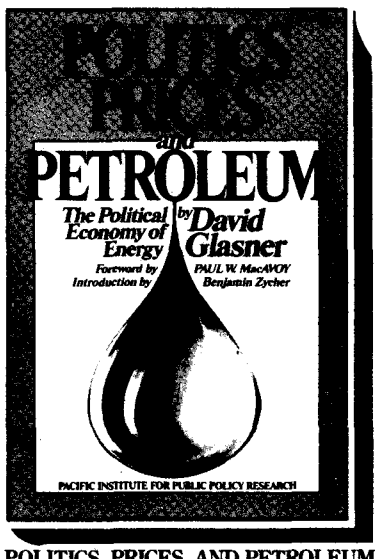

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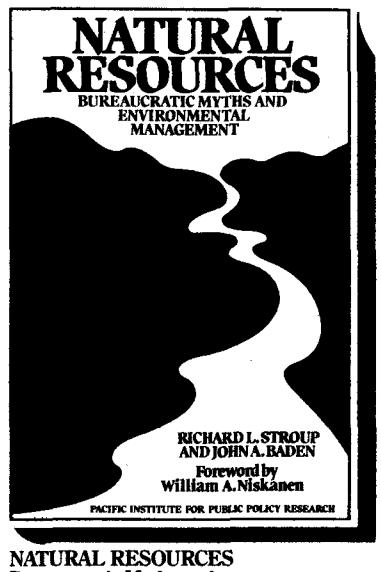
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placed & incapable of its duties."

The world was a difficult and demanding place for Virginia's second generation, people who had been raised to expect positions of influence as a matter of course but found that a republic entailed perpetual self-government and self-assertion and who found further that their own corner of the republic was in economic decline. Their obstinate response was of their own choosing. Perhaps they found the price—increasing material discomfort and loss of political clout—worth the cultural continuity by which they maintained a semblance of a purely Southern, patrician way of life.

The gentry's predicament raises for Jordan the intriguing question: What happens when leaders are leaders in name only, when elites occupy the seats of power but are obstructionist and anachronistic? And for Lewis, the question: What happens when an elite fears that the terms of worldly success directly threaten their self-esteem? Lewis, in a muddled and addled way, offers a profusion of interesting material that shows a generation aiming for a romantic, tragic vision of life but succumbing to the trite and hackneyed. Jordan, crisply, drily, but carefully and persuasively shows how Virginia statesmen (to paraphrase the historian James Schouler) took a large state and made it small. □

THE WRITER'S ART
James J. Kilpatrick/Andrews, McMeel & Parker/$14.95

William McGurn

Not long ago, while I was still laboring as assistant managing editor for this family magazine, the mere question of punctuation was enough to turn an otherwise idyllic Hoosier afternoon grey and ugly. Perhaps I oughtn't have said "mere," because these disputes—chiefly about the comma—were as serious as those concerning *that/which, bring/take,* even *compose/comprise.* Back and forth the copy would go, commas inserted, then deleted, inserted again, deleted again. It was a nasty affair that set managing editor against assistant, friend against friend, and an exasperated typesetter against both.

Such disputes are to be expected in an establishment where, I am happy to report, the serial comma is still respected. Of course there are some, like my brother John, who wonder if it really matters. But my brother is a man who uses *finalize* as a verb, without the slightest blush. Were he to read James J. Kilpatrick's *The Writer's Art,* he would learn that it matters, it matters a great deal. Just to cite the example of commas again, Mr. Kilpatrick reminds us that without them it would be impossible to distinguish between *a pretty tall woman* and *a pretty, tall woman.* As Theodore Bernstein similarly pointed out years ago, there is an important difference between *What's the latest dope* and *What's the latest, dope.*

There can be no doubt where Mr. Kilpatrick lines up on the issues. In the foreword, William F. Buckley, Jr. refers to him as a "firm custodian," and Mr. Kilpatrick does not shy away from the description. Against the argument that communication need only be "effective," his retort is worthy of Disraeli: "If the purpose of housing were solely to provide shelter from the rain, the Sun-King could have erected an A-frame." Though an English-language Tory, he is no fanatic, and Mr. Buckley correctly observes that it is difficult to read *The Writer's Art* without finishing the better for it. The emphasis of this book is on the practical, and though witty it is never (okay, *rarely*) pompous. In the author's own words:

> There is nothing arcane or mysterious about the crafting of a respectable sentence. Writing is carpentry; it is the craft of joining words together. The construction of a good, solid sentence is no more a matter of instinct than the putting together of a dovetailed drawer. Writing is a skill; at high levels it becomes an art. The country fiddler brings skill to his instrument, and often a remarkable level of skill; Menuhin on a Stradivarius is something else. My hope in this book is not to make better Menuhins, but to make better fiddlers.

Just between us, this man knows how to make a sentence crack.

The charm of books like this one (such books? books such as this one?) lies in the personal voice of the author, which John Henry Newman deemed essential to great art. One hears this voice in Fowler's *Modern English Usage,* and it is also what makes it easy to distinguish William Safire's columns from, say, James Kilpatrick's. When at last we find someone with whom we are in general agreement (or someone who generally agrees with us) the real delight is in the theological nitpicking.

In this spirit, much of Mr. Buckley's foreword is a gentle poke at Mr. Kilpatrick's prohibition against using unusual words. Others will have their own tests of orthodoxy (meaning, *everyone* will have *his* own test). For the most part, I have no difficulty with Mr. Kilpatrick's propositions (his prepositions, too). I laughed when he warned against such constructions as *Rosemary started cooking herself when she was eighteen.* I cheered at the distinction between *while* and *since.* Though I was dismayed by his flippant dismissal of the subjunctive—were Mr. Kilpatrick only a bit more understanding here—I was reassured by his forthright condemnation of *hopefully.*

Yet even the best of them, and certainly Mr. Kilpatrick is among their ranks, occasionally fall from grace. When a man is writing to endorse rules, inevitably there will come an urge to assert his independence. The urge is not always bad. But, like the temptation for that "one last drink," it can be dangerous. Brother Safire, for instance, has taken to preaching the vulgar use of *hopefully.* My opinion is that he doesn't really believe this himself, and, with the rest of his admirers, I pray that he will repent of his apostasy.

This shows only that all of us have something to hide. I confess that in my more wicked moments I myself have been known to favor *host* as a verb and to flout the distinctions between *such as* and *like* (or among *such as, such . . . as,* and *like*). Clearly, Mr. Kilpatrick is no populist on these mat-

William McGurn is presently (sic?) editorial features editor of the Wall Street Journal/Europe.

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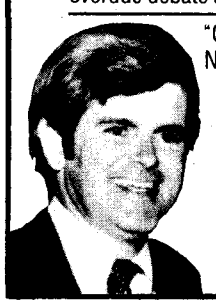

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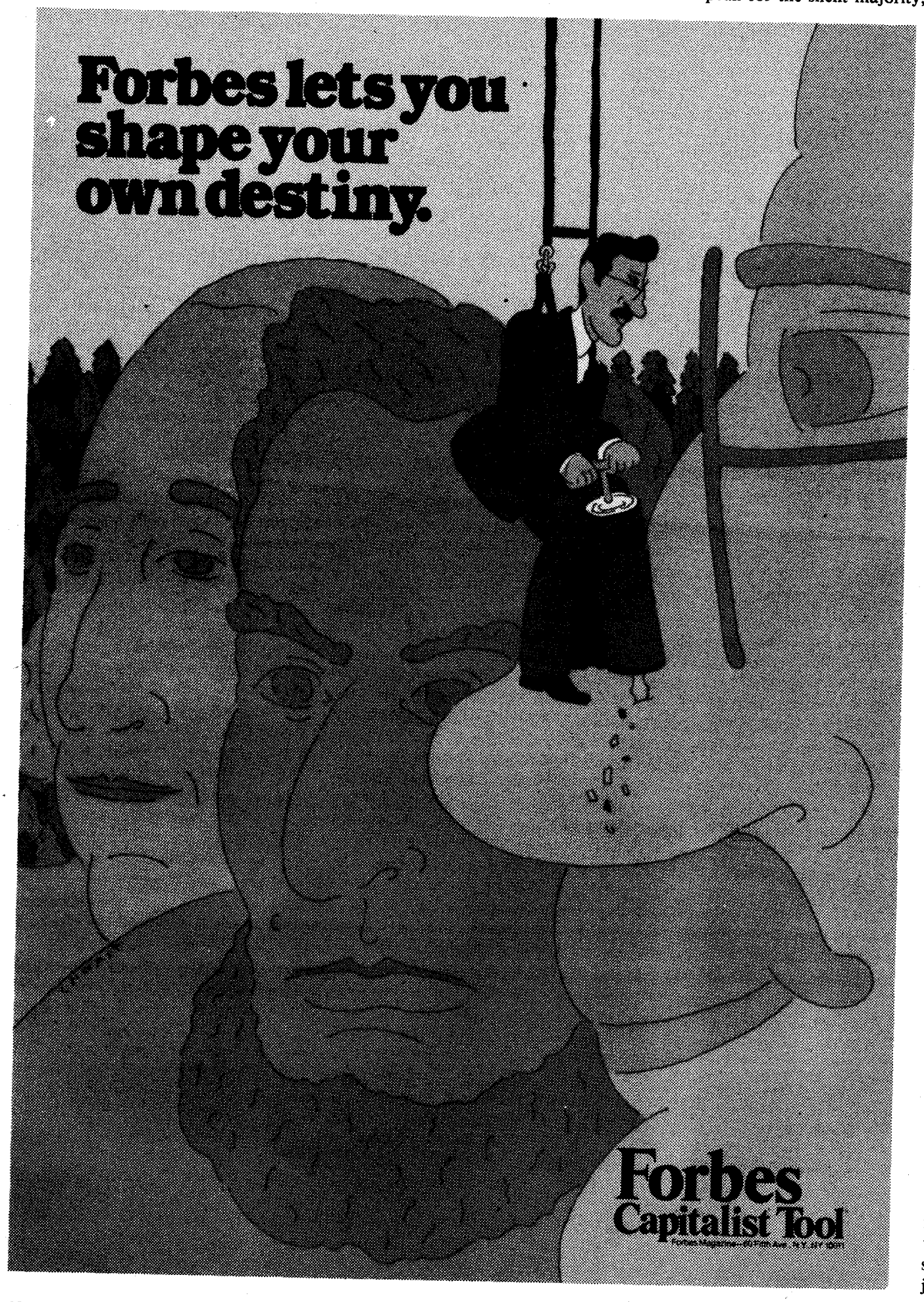
ters, but he does yield to temptation now and again.

His distaste for the subjunctive has already been mentioned. One might suppose that a man finicky enough to distinguish between *alibi* and *excuse* would be sensitive to the distinction between *can* and *may*. But it is not so. "I would abandon the controversy altogether," says Mr. Kilpatrick, who evidently never had a nun to impress upon him the world of difference between "*Can* I go to the bathroom" and "*May* I go to the bathroom?"

At other times he is vague. On the issue of "sexism" in language, he rightly dismisses *chairperson* as "absurd." Then he seems to waver. On page 90 he writes, "Instead of writing that 'every student has an obligation to do *his* duty,' we may write with equal clarity that 'all students have an obligation to do *their* duty.'" Yet on page 178, under the heading "Everyone Had 'His,' Dammit," he seems to imply that he himself does not do this often. At least, the reader might infer that from the title.

Finally, on those rare occasions when he proposes a departure from the norm (as in the case of the subjunctive), more explanation would help. Here I speak for the silent majority, those afraid that the expression "I don't know" is a confession of ignorance. Surely I am not the only one who reads *Verbatim* and is stumped by some of the errors the editors list under the heading "Sic! Sic! Sic!" A little instruction is not only polite, sometimes it is necessary.



These, however, are but quibbles, and I wish them recorded as such. Disagreement is half—if I may indulge the reader, the *greater* half—of the pleasure. And it is, as Mr. Buckley noted, hard not to learn from the book. Indeed, I originally had intended to write, "In the introduction, Mr. Buckley heaps fulsome praise on the author of this book, which at first sounded suspicious but turned out to be well earned." On page 183, however, I learned that *fulsome* meant phony. So, if Mr. Buckley's fulsome praise had turned out to be well earned, then Mr. Kilpatrick would be a fraud, and I a candidate for a libel suit. I struck it out.

Doubtless some readers (I have in mind those trendies who go out of their way to find a preposition they can end their sentences with) will find Mr. Kilpatrick's work not progressive enough. Let me come to his defense: Change is vastly overrated. And let's not hear any nonsense about being "too rigid." As children we learn that lying is wrong but as adults we understand it is sometimes necessary (as in, "Your hair looks *wonderful,* darling"). Only a twentieth-century barbarian would suggest that we drop the rule because of the exceptions.

It is the same way with new usage. The hard-liners have their part. Think of it this way: Imagine a father with a lovely daughter, the latter the object of a number of prospective suitors. Any normal father starts out with the perfectly reasonable assumption that none of these moonstruck blockheads is good enough for his Susie, and so naturally sets up a few obstacles to prove the point. Someone, of course, eventually *will* pass the test. And there is nothing inconsistent in that father's gladly extending his hand to the young man who has proved his mettle. Both are now better off: The father gains a worthy son-in-law; the young man loses some of his rough edges. So, too, the new in language ought to be met with suspicion, but, after the trial, be accepted with the heartiness of that father's handshake.

The trick is to learn when to wink at rules, honoring them in the breach, taking no less trouble than those medieval monarchs did to house their various mistresses and wives under the same roof. It is a matter of delicate judgment. To go too far or not far

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enough is the common lot; the difficulty is to strike the balance. "This is the sort of English up with which I shall not put," Winston Churchill is *alleged* to have said, reminding us that there are traps on the right as well as on the left. To avoid them takes the years of experience that Mr. Kilpatrick, now a grandfather, has and I, pink-cheeked, still lack. In *The Writer's Art,* James J. Kilpatrick shows just how enjoyable the journey can be. □

ENTHUSIASMS
Bernard Levin/Crown Publishers/$12.95

Thomas Mallon

A basic assumption about enthusiasm is that one man's meat will be another man's poison. But what happens when a man takes his meat and pounds it into the sort of mush that couldn't kill or fortify any of those to whom he serves it? This is unfortunately what Bernard Levin has managed to do in much of *Enthusiasms,* his hymn to painting, books, music, food, walking, cities, and other delicacies of civilization. There are portions of his book I wouldn't dream of commenting on: I am, for example, generally indifferent to what I eat, and I cherish an active hostility to that barking freakshow of glandular irregularity called opera. But since I share many of Mr. Levin's loves, and still find myself unmoved by his well-meant book, I think he would want me to tell you why.

For one thing, Mr. Levin's combative premise is wrong. On his very first page he states that "to be passionate in appreciation of the good things of life, especially the non-material things, is to court . . . stern denunciation as an irresponsible hedonist . . . behind much of the contempt for joy lie a deep fear and hatred of enjoyment." In fact, we live in an age in which the social norm is the ostentatious pursuit of the perfect croissant, the best quadrophonic reproduction, the most high-minded framed poster. We are so eager to be (and, above all, to appear) enthusiastic that we buy hideous art, endure terrible theater, and display overpriced books on ugly high-tech cocktail tables all because we've been told that these are things we must be enthusiastic about if we're to lay any claim to good taste and cultural soundness. Far from fearing to enjoy, we are desperately afraid to be caught failing to enjoy. This pseudo-enthusiasm may be the vulgar hallmark of our age, but bad as it is, it's not the same Puritanism Mr. Levin feels himself up against. He nicely weasels out of having to make his case by stating: "The active hatred of pleasure and excellence, however, though more important, and certainly more sinister, than the indifference which is so fashionable today, deserves a study in itself, though one which I am not much inclined to embark upon, if only because I would find it too depressing." Actually, Mr. Levin barely presents examples, much less a "study."

His definition of enthusiasm as "the taking of great pleasure, the feeling of great ardour, the experiencing of great excitement, in the presence or contemplation of the object that arouses the enthusiasm" is reasonable, as is one of the tests he proposes for enthusiasm—namely, "the desire to communicate it." But if these standards are reasonable, they're also minimal, as is Mr. Levin's stated purpose in writing his book: "to try to convey my enthusiasm, not to lecture my readers or to provide them with useful knowledge or instruction." I just don't think this will do. Mr. Levin is, after all, talking about his earthly deities here, and there seems little point—and perhaps even some selfishness—in having a preacher whip himself into frenzies of delight while remaining indifferent to whether the congregation gets religion or not.

Mr. Levin's discussion of Shakespeare is typical of what he does throughout *Enthusiasms.* For anything that is specifically enlightening and even moving—such as his recollection of walking home four miles after seeing John Gielgud in *Hamlet* and being in such a state of oblivious rapture that he was astonished to find himself putting his key in his door—there is unfortunately a good deal more in the way of gush and boilerplate. He tells us about "Shakespeare's unique ability to understand the human soul and its needs and powers" and other such things that make nineteenth-century bardolators look like models of restraint and precision by comparison. I am delighted to see Mr. Levin on the job against the "idiot 'structuralist' or parlour-Marxist," and to hear him state unabashedly that the arts are supposed to reveal the universe; but if he is really going to provide a useful deterrent to the Yale boys so intent upon torturing literature before they destroy it finally, he's going to have to be a good deal more bracing than this. To be impressionistic is one thing—and an admirable thing—in criticism; to be icky-sticky is quite another. But Mr. Levin has trouble stopping himself from spraying great clouds of perfume upon every chapter. "There are three paintings in the Uffizi that clamor to be my favourites, all of them quite justifiably, and to all of them I swear

Thomas Mallon teaches English at Vassar College.

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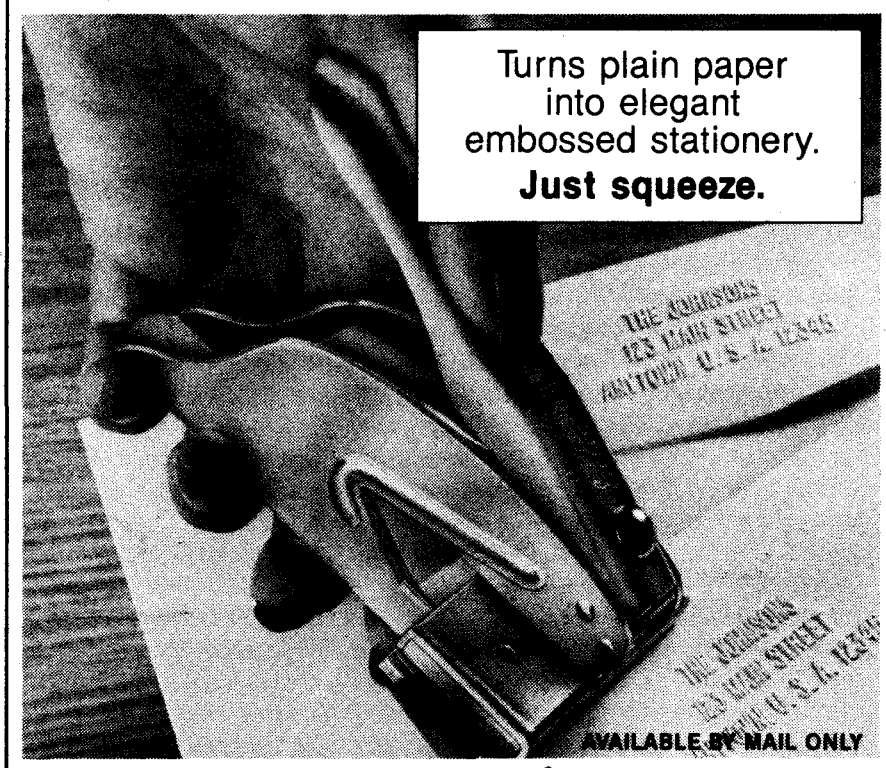

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undivided allegiance, hoping that they will not get together and compare notes until I am out of Florence and on my way to Venice, where there are a score more."

Sometimes expertise is the best testament of enthusiasm, and one only wishes Mr. Levin had looked longer and more penetratingly at the things he knows best. Too much here is too obvious and too familiar. "Has anyone ever pointed out what a huge proportion of *graffiti* in modern cities consist of the names of the *graffitinieri* and their friends?" Well, yes, Mr. Levin, they have; I believe even such duty-laden savants as Norman Mailer have managed to notice this. We've got to be told something new, and be treated less like ladies in a reading club if your enthusiasms are to seem attractive and convincing. "But as I wandered among whole streets and squares of houses and shops that were nothing but facades, the very bricks made of foam rubber, I could understand why Hollywood's magic-lantern show so entirely captured the imagination of the whole world, and has not quite let go yet." One can hear this sort of thing for free, each April, from Gregory Peck, as he introduces Christie Brinkley to present an Oscar to Sylvester Stallone. One expects something more of Bernard Levin.

And one occasionally gets it—even in this book. Some of Mr. Levin's communiqués of gusto have a nourishing specificity. His tug at the connection between walking and optimism, and his ardor for fire provoke the reader profitably: "Once, at dinner among friends, our host asked what crime we would each commit if all legal, though not moral, sanctions against it were abolished, and after my fellow guests had decorously limited themselves to such sins as embezzlement, smuggling and cat burglary, I robustly declared that my choice was arson . . . " And there is one wonderful gluttonous sentence that goes on for pages cataloguing his most memorable meals. (The food section has the additional quality of being a travelogue, since in order for Mr. Levin, an Englishman, to get many of these dinners he must venture outside the confines of the blandly mephitic oxymoron that even the gustatorially indifferent recognize as English cooking.) Finally, Mr. Levin made me want to see the Vigeland sculptures in Frogner Park, Oslo—even if he did insist on showing them with little Norwegians romping about. Like the country singer, Bernie believes in children.

Mr. Levin might actually have done a better job of conveying his enthusiasms—which, after all, is rather like conveying one's values—if he'd given us less brio and more bio. The sections that deal with his childhood reading, growing up in a Jewish household in London's Camden Town, his first pair of eyeglasses, schooldays in wartime, and the marvelous lift the Royal Festival Hall gave to grimly rationed postwar London are all very good reading and make one look forward to a full volume of memoirs, even though he says he won't write one. But if he would only cease being sentimental about places like Calcutta, and stop indulging in this new tendency to write alarmingly like Dr. Leo Buscaglia, he might, for crying out loud, get around to it. (Crying out loud, incidentally, is something the enthusiastic Mr. Levin is emphatically *for*.) But until then readers will have to content themselves with a book that could have been a series of insightful overstatements, in the manner of Paul Fussell, but instead wound up being a collection of truisms and list of faves. It is a harmless book that Mr. Levin has written, one ironically distinguished by enthusiasm's opposite—namely, laziness. Mr. Levin ends his story of a walk with a friend in London with the following sentences: "There was nothing special about the evening—we had had many others like it—but it lingers in my memory, in an almost unbelievably rich gallery of such memories, as a few hours of happiness with a friend, in which hours the true nature of friendship, though not defined and indeed indefinable, stood revealed." With all due respect, I would assert that the purpose of writing is to take a stab at making the indescribable effable, the indefinable plain. Enthusiasts should be expected—especially when they're going about their life's work—to try harder than this. □

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TESTING THE CURRENT

William McPherson/Simon and Schuster/$15.95

Reid Buckley

Oh, this is a good book! *Testing the Current,* a first novel by journalist William McPherson, is one of those triumphs of evocation that you will want to place on a special shelf alongside such as Evan Connell's *Mr. Bridge,* Robert Taylor's *The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters,* and other joys in story-telling that you hope your grandchildren will be moved by Heaven to pause just one moment over before tossing them (after your portrait) into the dustbin.

It takes place 1938-39. Now, Depression literature isn't my cup of tea. I find even Wallace Stegner (*The Big Rock Candy Mountain*) tedious on that dreary period, which has produced some crashingly (woops!) dull literature. No fear on this score about *Testing the Current,* though the reviews have tediously harped on its implied social criticism. It's there, but it is beside the point, because this wonderful book belongs to the sharp eye and dauntless spirit of eight-year-old Tommy MacAllister, third son of a steel mill owner in Grande Riviere, Michigan, whose upper bourgeoisie are of the Midwestern smokestack variety, which is to say, country club–dull, conventional, and rife with the prejudices and politics of their class and time.

These are people whose taste in decor, way of life, aspirations, complacency, and depneumatized social protestantism are as canned as canned can be. They brink on World War II, which, in the words of one of the more perceptive female characters, will "change everything," as indeed the war did; but they are as a whole impervious in their Midwest isolationism (let the frogs dip themselves out of their own bouillabaisse this time), and none can conceive of a future when there may not be a big fat lovable Negress called Ophelia in the kitchen of the country club, nor scullery maids of Indian origin in their own kitchens (the Irish have just graduated from the servile state) and Indian handymen (loafers) on the offshore islands where *all* of Grande Riviere repairs during the summers.

Reid Buckley is a novelist.

This all sounds pretty dreadful, and it would be save for the precocious recall of Tommy MacAllister, who adores his mother (Emma) and his 22-year-old eldest brother (John), who loves but is wary of his stern father (Mac), and who maintains a splendid state of war with David, the 20-year-old moderately rebellious second son. The family relationships are warm and very real. David I particularly liked. He is caught in that fix of second sons everywhere and in any age, seeking to define himself as different from the paragon firstborn while also being a little jealous of (and mean to) the baby of the family.

I know. I can hear you thinking it: Well, what's new and different in this novel? Nothing! Mr. and Mrs. Sedgwick, vocal rightwingers, abhor Roosevelt and snoot their noses at Wally Simpson. (You can bet your bloomers, however, that *Mrs.* Sedgwick would be brushing up on her curtseys were the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to announce a visit to Grande Riviere.) They can be counted on for the most bigoted rendition of the dominant politics of their class. Mr. and Mrs. Steer are country club liberals, typical of their class and time also, and the issues that define *their* politics are, of course, Roosevelt and Spain. They are atheists (natch), and the professionally unconventional Mrs. Steer, who is one of Tommy MacAllister's special adult friends, is almost inevitably Scandinavian.

Quite right: There is *nothing* novel or even original in this book. (On the other hand, there is also almost nothing in poor taste, vulgar, or straining of one's credulity, which are the sins of contemporary fiction.) *Testing the Current* is slow, besides, about getting itself started, and oh so apparently casual about unfolding. I do not want to suggest torpidity, but it can be likened to one of those endless summer afternoons of recollection, when the cicadas zing in the back of the mind, wherein Mr. McPherson wonderfully

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CHRISTIANS UNDER FIRE

A Special Report - by Humberto Belli

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PAUL HOLLANDER
Author, Political Pilgrims

Behind the headlines of revolution and counterrevolution, a deep and sometimes violent conflict has been growing between the Sandinista regime and the Christian churches. Reports have come from many whose sympathies are with the right or the left—but often from individuals who have a slight acquaintance with the country. In Nicaragua: Christians Under Fire, Nicaraguan sociologist and lawyer Humberto Belli, a former Sandinista and an editor of La Prensa, examines the Sandinistas' fundamental commitments, their human rights record, and their escalating struggle with the Christian churches.

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re-creates a period of American history that is now as quaintly of our past as a Norman Rockwell stavepost cover, and with such authority that any coeval of Tommy (I am one) will exclaim, "Yes! That's the way it was. . . . That's just *exactly* how it was!"

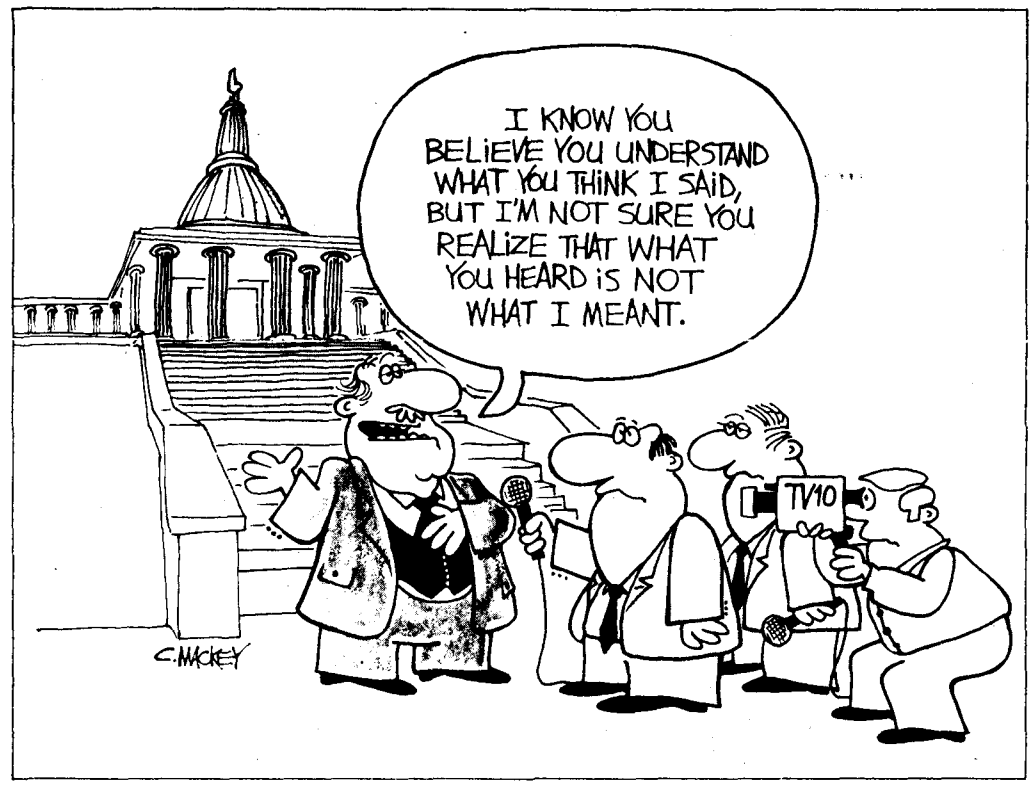
For readers of my age, then, there is the special reward of dear familiarity, but people who were not brought up when Hershey bars cost a nickel and doubledip ice cream sodas at the drugstore just a dime will be captivated by the quality of the observations and the cumulative spell of Mr. McPherson's details (he cites Stendhal: "Plus de détails, plus de détails . . . il n'y a d'originalité et de verité que dans les détails"), which he disciplines within the compass of his 8-year-old protagonist. That is the difficult thing. Only rarely are there misses. When I read that the summer "cottages" were hung with the mounted heads of *does* (as well as bucks), I blink. I kind of wonder how much Mr. McPherson knows about hunting: He speaks of the kick of a .410 causing Tommy's shoulder to hurt all day (there is no kick), of Tommy's father and cronies pausing for a leisurely alcoholic toast to their success after mowing down a bunch of geese (when they would be dashing madly out of the blind to secure the cripples, of which, we are told, there are several). Tommy occasionally uses words or thinks concepts that are unlikely in a boy his age. He speaks of his father following "spoor," when more likely he would have used "droppings"; elsewhere Mr. McPherson has Tommy speaking of the carbide lamps of miners (he would think of them as headlamps), or recalling that an uncle described a certain piece of silver as repousse, or most improbably committing to memory the title of a book that Mrs. Steer is reading, *Anticipating the Eventual Emergence of Form* (which is also a strange lapse into pomposity). Slips, niggling flaws. Weigh them against such a passage as this:

The Sedgwicks had a bearskin rug too, stretched out before the fireplace. If you stepped on the dusty bearskin—something Tommy always tried to avoid—its nails clattered dully on the wooden floor. Mr. Sedgwick liked to point out the bullet hole over the spot where its heart had been. He had shot the bear someplace, a long time ago, and it looked as if it had been a long time ago. The bear's head was like a rock, its nose dry and rubbery, and its mouth was opened in a perpetual fierce snarl. You could see its teeth and its hard pink tongue, the color of Mr. Sedgwick's plate—that's what he called his false teeth, which he often had to fumble with behind a napkin at dinner while everyone pretended not to notice.

Was there ever a bearskin rug like this in fiction? The novel teems with beautifully imagined passages—the gripping (and fatidic) introduction of Tommy to the furnaces in his father's steel mill; the moving description of the guests to Tommy's parents' 25th wedding anniversary ball, dressed in tuxedos and long gowns, booming out *O God Our Help In Ages Past* as they row across the lake to the mainland. They will be calling on those certitudes before long, when the storm finally breaks over their head to end all such summers forevermore.

Mr. McPherson evokes time and place so effortlessly that now and then there is surfeit. The winter that precedes the climactic summer ball of 1939 is recalled in every salient, beginning with Thanksgiving and running through Christmas, New Year's, the explosion at the mill that so depresses Tommy's father and sends him away for prolonged periods, Tommy's eighth birthday, and . . . not Easter (is it too cold for the Easter bunny up in Michigan?), which, come to think of it, is curious: There seems to be almost no church-going in this book. (Intentional? Are we to make something of this? There is no Santa Claus in the

Word Games


I KNOW YOU BELIEVE YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU THINK I SAID, BUT I'M NOT SURE YOU REALIZE THAT WHAT YOU HEARD IS NOT WHAT I MEANT.
TV10
C. MACKEY

Over 25 years ago, George Orwell wrote a terrifying little book called 1984. In it, he imagined a society in which a socialist state controlled the economy, TV and newspapers, religion, sports—everything.

The state denied individual freedom through the most severe means. Daily life was monitored through TV cameras. Any rebellious word, deed or even facial expression was punishable by torture and death, enforced by the ever-present "Thought Police."

In order to control speech and thought, government developed a new language wrapping misleading pleasant words around very ugly things. Thus, "forced labor camp" became "joy camp." The government slogans "War is Peace," "Freedom is Slavery," and "Ignorance is Strength" were examples of the new language, which Orwell called Newspeak.

1984, of course, is fiction. Or is it?

Half the world now lives under Communist governments which resemble Orwell's state. In Vietnam and the Soviet Union, prisoners are sent to die in "rehabilitation" and "relocation" centers. Soldiers conquer villagers in "wars of liberation." And citizens are herded to polls to vote in "elections" in which there are no choices.

Even in our country, Newspeak seems to be taking hold. Tax increases are called "revenue enhancements," and advocates of increased government control are called "progressive" or "liberal." Meanwhile, departments in Washington maintain an average of 15 files on every American.

It is not words which threaten our freedom, but the political power behind the misleading words. We must guard against the abuse of both.

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For further information regarding the availability of a full series of these short, informative essays, contact Mr. G. Scot Hasted, Room D, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, MI 49242.

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MacAllister Christmas, either, an omission that demands explanation.) At one point during the yuletide preparations I noted impatiently on the margin, "Gets discursive: a fine, difficult, dangerous line." Another note on the same page reads: "All very well, but I miss narrative dynamism. Tour de force. Tommy lives for the moment, sure. Great. But I (Mr. Reader) do not." Maybe I was in a bad humor, because on second reading (oh, yes: you are richly rewarded when you turn from the last page right back to the beginning and start over), I wasn't bothered. What is remarkable about *Testing the Current* is Mr. McPherson's almost flawless command of his materials, especially in his handling of the central crisis of the book, which is Tommy's mother's love affair.

Do you remember those wonderful bygone days when luncheons and suppers were spent fiercely disagreeing about, say, the motivation for Heathcliff's shameful treatment of Isabella, or about why Dostoevsky in *The Brothers Karamazov* unexpectedly chooses to have the body of his saint, Father Zossima, putrefy? Among the manifold virtues of *Testing the Current* is that it furnishes grounds for a rousing good shouting match over the virtue of Emma MacAllister. Hear ye all: I will knock down any man (and stick a jalapeno pepper on the malicious tongue of any woman) who asserts that Tommy's mother actually consummated an adulterous relationship with that serpent, that Lucien (what a name!) Wolfe. She *might* have. Oh, she was dangerously close, as they say, to toppling over the brink, *but she did not*. Tommy and I, who love her, *know* she did not. She was too wonderful, too good, too loving herself, for *that*! She ceases being a goddess, true. She did fib to Tommy in telling him (he was only six) that she was 22, the trusting assertion of which eighteen months later causes Tommy to make a fool of himself, and she did in other ways practice little (unexplainable to her son) deceits, the opening of his eyes to which brews a great uproar of bafflement and pain and outraged protest in his soul, the vortex he must survive in order to graduate intact from the innocence of childhood. But any blackguard who avers that she actually did *it* (including the vile reviewers in the *New York Times* and *Time,* who blandly presume her guilt) has a fight on his hands.

Ah, how I wish there were the space to conduct you through Mr. McPherson's brilliant ambiguities in this all-important conflict between infatuation and love, sensual attraction and duty, deceit and truth. Do not on that account delay in treating yourself to this book! □

CAPITOL IDEAS

(continued from page 11)

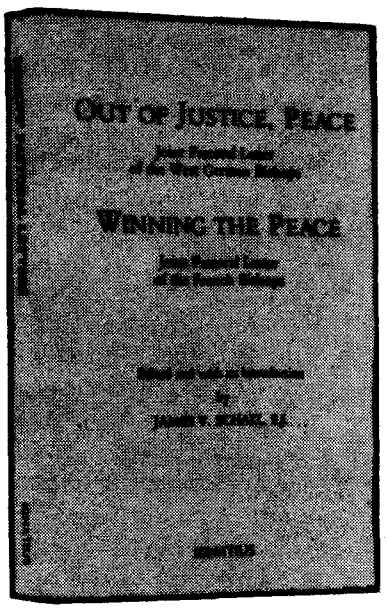
turned out to be 2,000 people at the Circle T Ranch. Good old Bunker was laying on quite a party for the National Conservative Political Action Committee. It was quite a sight to see, by the light of the setting sun. There were steers and stage coaches, and museum-piece Conestoga-type wagons; Mercedes and Lincolns, well-watered pasture, white picket fences, and everyone milling about out of doors with open-air booths and kitchens serving Mexican-style hors d'oeuvres on *china* plates and cocktails in great chunky glasses—no plastic or paper here, folks. Even though it was still plenty hot, most of the men were wearing jackets and ties and kept them on. Texas is more formal than one might think.

I bumped into my friend Jon Utley. We had our usual discussion about tax rates in the Third World, and then, gesturing at the lavish scene around us, he said that this was how many Europeans imagined that people in America live: Cadillacs, cattle ranch, the idle rich.

We were ushered into an absolutely enormous tent, or marquee as they say in Europe, for dinner. It was so well air-conditioned that you *needed* your jacket. There must have been 250 tables, each with linen napkins and several bottles of wine; and so many waiters on hand that you were served within a few seconds of sitting down.

For some reason the media had been admitted; someone no doubt mistakenly calculated that they could be wooed by kindness. At one end of the tent there was a flurry and glare of TV lights; Nelson Bunker had put in an appearance for the cameras. I went over to inspect and couldn't help noticing how placid and calm he looked as he was quizzed by the florid, perspiring Douglas Kiker. He wore a nametag: "N. Bunker Hunt," and he seemed like a very unassuming fellow to me, especially a few minutes later when he came blundering back through the half-dark tent, tripping over chair legs and sticking out his hand to introduce himself most disarmingly to total strangers.

Someone told me that Hunt lost $1.5 billion in the silver crash of early 1980. But this in no way mitigates the fury of those who accuse him of having "manipulated" the silver market. (I believe in fact the Commodities Futures Trading Commission in-



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creased the margin requirements as the price rose, thus precipitating a selling wave.)

Many celebrities were on hand. Blessing by Jerry Falwell; master of ceremonies, Pat Boone. Rounds of applause for Charlton Heston, Wayne Newton, Osmond Brothers, various Dallas Cowboys and Olympic gold medal winners, Chad Everett, Dale Robertson; and there were so many senators and congressmen that they weren't even introduced; someone said we should call on them to "pass the prayer amendment, vote the B-1 bomber, and get on with it."

Bob Hope provided the main entertainment, and it was a pleasure to see him in such good form. (He is 81, someone said.) I gathered that the somewhat conservative tone to the proceedings did not greatly bother him. Ronald Reagan, he said at one point, "wears his hearing aid in his right ear because he doesn't want to hear from his left, and I don't blame him." Bunker Hunt, he added, "owns so much silver that he won't die, he'll just tarnish."

Several people were saying that the media coverage of the convention dispensed with all pretense of impartiality. The TV networks in particular seemed blatantly ideologized, commenting endlessly on how "right wing" the GOP platform was. I can recall no TV comment on the Democratic platform, a document which gave the green light to sodomy.

The *Dallas Times-Herald* resorted almost daily to low-grade editorial sarcasm against the Republicans. The paper today plays host to an unappetizing jeering squad of left-wing columnists (Molly Ivins, ringleader), who are somehow persuaded that biting the hand that feeds you is an infallible sign of enlightenment. (But then consumption is virtuous and production suspect in the current leftist worldview.)

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In its current phase the *D.T.H.* more than confirms one's suspicions that the Left today has no arguments to offer, only catcalls and ridicule. For example, in its lead editorial on the first day of the convention the paper chided the GOP's "flat worlders" who don't realize that "most Americans believe that the world is round."

A quite astonishing amount of ink was wasted on the GOP's failure to endorse the Equal Rights Amendment. At a party given for Jeane Kirkpatrick, I had an opportunity to discuss this with Phyllis Schlafly, who is by a mile my favorite lady activist on the American political scene. For some reason she was wearing a medal. She deserves one, but I am sure she had to pin it on herself. Everyone was writing about the ERA as though it were a live issue, she said. The problem was that the amendment had been killed in 1982, and if anyone wanted to revive it his remedy lay with a prominent Democrat, House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who in 1984 has failed to bring it up for a vote on the House floor. Constitutional amendments are *legislative* initiatives. Does the Left know this? Does Geraldine Ferraro? (In her acceptance speech, she said that if elected the Democrats would "pass" the ERA.)

On the other hand, I can understand why the Left keeps up the assault. A target that ducks and cowers only invites further bullying. The Republicans duck and cower on ERA, saying the "problem" should be "dealt with legislatively" (i.e., by statute). What problem? Why don't they say: Men and women are not the same and we should drop the pretense that they are. As long as the Republicans continue to accept their adversaries' criticisms in principle ("the government today is taking care of more people than ever before . . . " "we have appointed more women than ever before . . . "), then the Left can be expected to keep attacking. They would be foolish not to. Of course, the whole problem is that the defining trait of "moderate" Republicans is that they do in fact assent to the principles of their opponents. If they didn't they wouldn't be called moderates.

Quiz Time: Who wrote the following in a Dallas newspaper: "Even if Walter Mondale had not nominated Geraldine Ferraro as his running mate, this would be the year of women in presidential politics. An idea, you might say, whose time has come. Women, the largest voting bloc in America, will have a tremendous impact on the coming election. All of this spells trouble for the Republican Party. You know, the Gender Gap."

Ellen Goodman? You thought wrong. That was *Dallas Morning News* columnist Ronald Reagan, Jr. He concluded the column: "Maureen thinks the party is moving in her direction, away from Phyllis Schlafly. I hope so. Meanwhile, I'm proud to have a sister on the cutting edge of the Republican Party's enlightenment concerning women's issues."

Hats off, however, to the *Dallas Morning News*'s TV columnist, Ed Bark, who kept an eagle eye on the networks, particularly their treatment of that famous 18-minute film introducing Reagan Sr. I quote:

> Chief political reporter Roger Mudd had a grand time playing shrink. "Tom," he said, "this film will not tax your mind, it will not challenge your intellect, but it will attack your emotions head on."
>
> How many times will we see the American flag? Twenty-six times, said Mudd.
>
> How many times will Mudd talk down to viewers by leading them by the hand? One more time.
>
> "It is a powerful piece of film," he counseled, "but it is nothing the viewer can't handle. In fact, it could have the opposite effect, and there could be viewers the film cannot handle."

Apparently, we have reached the point in this country where our most famous newsmen are openly reluctant to expose their viewers to patriotism.

Well, I was back in the hall when the President gave his acceptance speech. It went on a bit too long, and to my mind he spent too much time comparing his record with Carter's. We all know that Reagan's has been better, and it is superfluous to hammer away at the point. On the other hand, he was right to go on the offensive against Mondale and the Democrats in other respects, especially their disgraceful comparison of Grenada and Afghanistan.

I worry frankly whether Reagan has much of an agenda for his second term, when we will need forceful leadership to resist the relentless pressure from the Left. But for all his faults (he seems to hold his beliefs all too lightly, and can easily be talked out of them), it is predictable that Reagan will go down as a great President. As a friend later said to me, we'll miss him when he's gone.

The best moment of the convention came at the very end, when Ray Charles sang "America the Beautiful" and everyone joined in. What a great singer he is, and what a beautiful moment it was. As another old friend of mine in the hall, a Democrat, said: It was enough to make a Republican out of you. I'm sure that Roger Mudd, Dan Rather & Co. prudently kept it off the screen, knowing that many viewers wouldn't have known how to handle it. The tears were rolling down my cheeks. □

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WHAT NEXT FOR GUATEMALA?

by Mary Ball Martínez

Guatemala City—This is aftermath time for Guatemala. For over a year now there has been peace in this, the best-off and most populous Central American nation. You find people, especially country people, wanting to talk about it. They confront you with the news that the bad times, twenty years of guerrilla conflict, are over and good times have come.

Nearly everywhere the *milpa,* the basic corn harvest, has come into cycle again. Village halls, churches, and medical posts destroyed in the last wave of terror are being rebuilt and little two-room schoolhouses finished at the rate of one a day. Small bridges and country roads mined by the rebels are being repaired by the farmers themselves under the guidance of army engineers, and in the capital last July's elections to a constituent assembly and next July's vote for a president have given politicians the opportunity to flex long neglected vocal chords.

Yet a second month-long stay in the country leaves me with the impression that Guatemala's altogether remarkable victory over Marxism is a fragile one. Not that there is any strength left in the rebel cause. The army has won the unquestioned loyalty of the indigenous people and even of a good number of the ex-guerrillas and collaborators among them. The likelihood of a terrorist act in Guatemalan towns today is about the same as in Rome or Paris, and considerably less than in London.

Nor do noises abroad seriously threaten the peace. Continued hostility on the part of the international media and the liberals in Washington who can't bear to see the Left trounced is certainly a nuisance. It means long delays in getting supplies, food, seeds, and medicines to remote mountain villages and bringing emergency cases to hospital since Congress still refuses to let Guatemala buy spare parts for its old American helicopters. It means tourist hotels and restaurants are empty because Washington's Travel Advisers continue to warn Americans to stay away from Guatemala. It means motorists along the Pan American Highway from Mexico to the capital must descend to the river six times because there is no money available to replace major bridges dynamited by the fleeing Communists. However, Guatemala won its war without one cent of American aid or one word of American advice. It is hardly likely to collapse for lack of those things now.

What makes for vulnerability, as I see it, is fragmentation. The country seems to be moving along in separate, sealed-off compartments, each section doing its own thing. Now that the revolutionary factor has been eliminated there is no apparent hostility, even between forces normally in opposition. Strangely and perhaps dangerously, no group appears to be interested in or even conscious of what either potential adversaries or potential collaborators may be up to. Still less does there seem to be any real awareness among Guatemalans of what this unique clear-cut victory means or ought to mean to the ever-bludgeoned free world.

Fragmentation. At a hotel reception for foreign observers to the recent elections, I answered a question of foreign minister Fernando Andrade by saying I had just come from Huehuetenango. From his look of surprise I might as well have said "Zimbabwe." The wild green mountain region to the west and the lounge of the El Dorado Hotel are two separate Guatemalan worlds. When I showed the rector of a university in town a picture of the new model village at Acul in Quiché, he confessed he had no idea the army was undertaking projects of that sort. Mrs. Monzón, minister of tourism, seemed to be unaware that people in Washington were still warning Americans not to go to Guatemala. An Evangelical preacher was amazed to learn from me that 80 percent of Catholic priests in the country were foreigners, and a

Mary Ball Martínez reports frequently from Latin America for The American Spectator.

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Catholic bishop was just as surprised when I told him I had found seven Protestant meeting halls to one Catholic church in the village where he had his residence.

What's more, except for army officers in their new role of farmers' helpers, one half of the population—the townsfolk who claim varying amounts of European ancestry and are called "Ladinos"—seem to leave the other half, descendants of the ancient Mayas, entirely to their own devices. In Panajachel when I complained of being kept awake all night by barking dogs outside my motel cabin, the Ladina lady in charge sighed: "Every Indian family keeps five or six dogs, all of them half starving. None of us would dare to say anything. We'd be accused of interfering with their 'human rights.'"

The reception for foreign observers took place on what happened to be Army Day. Where was the army and the parade, I asked the only youth in camouflage I could find, a guard outside the National Palace. "No parade, Señora. The soldiers are in barracks. Tomorrow is Election Day." The fragmentation process could hardly allow two of the main forces in society to share the public's attention. This was the politicians' hour so away with the army, out of sight.

I thought how much better nationalistic Mexico would have managed things if that country had been through what Guatemala has been through. There would be a grand, flag-waving parade up the Paseo de la Reforma and lots of moving rhetoric to the effect that thanks to our soldiers, boys like these who gave their lives for freedom, we can now enjoy elections. They made democracy possible. *Viva el ejercito! Viva México!*

But what about the military? Isn't the army the real power in Guatemala? Not according to Manuel Ayau, one of the top economists of Central America and a frequent contributor to the *Wall Street Journal*. He adds: "And neither are the oligarchy—although they like to imagine they are. The people who run this country are the bureaucrats. With their hidebound, Shavian, Sidney Webb mentality they work the machine that keeps things going no matter what military or political adventures take place outside their offices."

Hovering over the spread of computers in the ballroom of the El Dorado, the hopeful politicians waited for election returns. Prominent lawyers, most of them, in conversation they were inclined to express what they called "centrist" views. But if talk became drawn out, leftist sympathies and even leftist backgrounds often emerged. Party politics here being what they are—a supreme exercise in fragmentation—it is anybody's guess what these men will do with the power they get next July. Marco Cerezo, head of the triumphant left-of-center Christian Democrat party, may at least have learned something from the disastrous land grab of Christian Democrat Napoleon Duarte in neighboring El Salvador. He confided to friends that if his party had come to power five years ago it would have sponsored land "reform." But not now. The fact is, unlike tiny, heavily populated El Salvador, Guatemala has plenty of farm-worthy areas waiting to be developed.

While the politicians I spoke to showed surprisingly little interest in the vast reconstruction and rehabilitation projects the army has undertaken, it is the army that insists the politicians go back to work. The military, in fact, seem hell-bent to get out of government. I asked Professor Ayau why. "The officers don't like being responsible for problems that are not in their line. They were trained for certain work, and they feel beyond their depth when, say, economic questions come up. The officers are all family men. Their children come home from school and ask, 'Dad, is it true you're one of the military dictators? That's what the kids say.'"

Then there is the Church. Like Archbishop Rivera y Damas in El Salvador, Msgr. Penados del Barrio was well known to be the most left-leaning bishop in his country before the Vatican picked him out to head its main diocese. Predictably, he was of no help at election time. As millions trooped to the polls in what all foreign observers agreed were clean, free elections, His Excellency, who might have been expected to lead the rejoicing that atheistic Marxism had been defeated, declared publicly, as if from another planet: "Guatemala is living in a climate of uncertainty, fear, and anxiety."

For one who tries to keep abreast of the protracted conflict between Latin America and Marxist subversion, who contemplates the appalling state of El Salvador and its no-win war, of Peru with its 18,000 terrorists (official count), of Colombia wracked by a drug-guerrilla mafia, of those two *faits accomplis*—Cuba and Nicaragua—it is anything but reassuring to realize that Guatemala, less than two years after its neat, do-it-yourself victory, is about to face a future in which the army the peasants call their "protector" is heading for the barracks, politicians are setting off in a dozen different, mainly leftist directions, businessmen are clutching Swiss bankbooks, and progressive Church leaders are traveling under their own black cloud.

Wherever I talked there was mention of Efraín Rios Montt. Now *golpes de estado* may have been frequent in Guatemala, but they have also been notably polite. Ousted presidents are quite welcome to remain in the country and to enjoy every freedom except interfering in national affairs. General Rios, the latest ex-president, abides by this rule—not that during his short time in power (March 1982-August 1983) he wasn't one of the most interfering statesmen in Central American history.

Taking over the army's stalemated twenty-year war against terrorist subversion, Rios brought the war to an end in only six months. A dedicated convert to Fundamental Protestantism, he defied the country's century-old anti-clerical laws by receiving the body of Cardinal Casariegos for public homage in the National Palace and decreeing three days of national mourning. Instead of accepting the notion that the indigenous half of the population were potential rebels, he took them for potential patriots, fed them, and armed them to defend themselves against guerrilla attacks. He scolded bureaucrats for corruption, the rich for sending their money abroad, and men everywhere who, in true Latin tradition, were keeping mistresses.

President Rios's morality campaign was a source of quiet amusement among sophisticates, of annoyance to wheeler-dealers, of positive hope to the conscientious, and a rallying point for the poor. It impressed President Reagan when the two met in Honduras at the end of 1982.

By that time another Rios Montt original had concluded: the "Beans and Guns" blitzkrieg, his plan to win over the peasantry. As could be expected, this sparked a worldwide leftist smear campaign directed ostensibly against the guns. But it was the beans

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that hurt. The program was directed by Harris Whitbeck, Rios's right-hand man and personal adviser. Whitbeck managed to secure food supplies, beans, and rice locally and corn from the FAO, then to handle deliveries to the war-torn regions where Indians who had fled the fighting in their villages had to be coaxed down from the mountains. Whitbeck, a Guatemalan whose father was American, continues to give his entire time to helping the country's rural poor.

President Rios had been highly appreciative of the economic theories of Manuel Ayau. He saw the boost free-market principles could give to national recovery, but before he could implement them the bankers and industrialists stepped in to persuade him such changes would be "dangerous."

As he was working toward a new constitution and electoral process, Rios set up what he called a Council of State. The politicians, old school parliamentarians all, refused to take part, saying the idea smacked of Franco's Spain. But other professional groups were enthusiastic, as were the Indians. Said Rios Montt: "Forty-five percent of our country's people neither produce, consume, nor participate in national life." To work toward a change in that situation he invited each of the 23 Indian "nations" to elect a representative to sit on the Council. When he left office the Council was abolished.

"But Rios Montt's election plans went ahead anyway," said the young chief of protocol, Byron Arévalo, at the election observers' party. "And right on schedule. That's why we're all here today. Nobody remembers that now. Why don't you go and talk to him? He's only three blocks away."

At the nearby Church of the Word, *El Verbo* in Spanish, where the ex-president preaches and teaches, the American woman in charge turned me down: "No interviews. Sorry." But I left a note and a copy of my April *American Spectator* article, and that evening she telephoned my hotel to give me an appointment. Because his born-again experience had taken place in California, I assumed Rios was fluent in English, but he insisted we carry on in Spanish. Not knowing quite what to make of me, he fenced a bit at first. Before long, however, his natural exuberance and sense of humor took over. One quotable remark in particular set the tone of our conversation:

"Do you know they call me a religious fanatic? Crazy?" I knew. But I also remembered the words of former Peace Corps leader, Dennis Wheeler, in Antigua: "In spite of his pentecostal vagaries, Rios Montt was deadly serious in power and he had a capacity for detail that was absolutely incredible."

What had become obvious to me, in reviewing his seventeen months in office, was his capacity to give Guatemala the one big thing it lacked and lacks today—cohesion. Much of what he projected continued after August of last year—the election schedule, the civilian autodefense system, the food-for-work reconstruction program. But how long the second two will survive the results of the first is uncertain. Seventeen months was a very short time. However, to remind the general, pastor, and ex-president of that fact is to admonish him because, by all accounts, he gave up control too lightly. When fellow officers pressured him to speed up his liberalization plans he acquiesced, but when they demanded he fire his two trusty secretaries, laymen of the Verbo Church, he said he would rather resign. Any professional politician faced with a hurdle of that size would have breezed over it.

Before we parted I asked him if he thought he might some day return to political life and I got an answer I had not expected. He hesitated, then, smiling almost mischievously, "Quizás" . . . perhaps. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

New York Times

In a dithyramb on the re-emergence of the Hon. Richard M. Nixon, still more moral pish-posh from Dr. Anthony Lewis, *ipse dixitist*:

It was always true that Nixon's political eminence was as much a comment on us as on him. What did it say about a society when it chose as its leader a morbidly insecure, lawless hater? And what does it say today when we treat with respectful deference the only president of the United States who so disgraced that office that he was forced to resign?

[August 2, 1984]

Ms.

Another learned reader of the intellectual *Ms.* breaks wind:

This is a response to J.D. Robichaud's April letter regarding "Do Americans Hate Children?" (by Letty Cottin Pogrebin, November 1983). Robichaud states, "There is a huge difference between a parent's 'right' to abuse a child physically, sexually, and emotionally, and the right to whap a three-year-old on the butt for running into traffic."

In my opinion "whapping" a child on the butt for any reason is a form of child abuse. Certainly whapping sends a crazy message to the child who ran into traffic. The message goes like this: "You almost got hurt by the traffic; therefore, I will hurt you for almost getting hurt." If that isn't a form of emotional abuse, I don't know what is.

When my daughter has put herself in danger, I have picked her up, hugged her tightly, and told her how scared I was that she almost got hurt. I've said "Daddy loves you. I would hurt very much all my life if something happened to you." What is the message she gets? "Daddy loves me, and I'm important to him." No abuse is given here.

Philip Chekanski
New Florence, PA

[July 1984]

Pennsylvania Gazette

In the alumni magazine of the University of Pennsylvania charnel poesy composed by Robert H. Garner, '64 and dedicated to the "victims of 1983": Karen Carpenter, Frank Reynolds, Maurice Bishop, the United States Marines, Jessica Savitch, and Dennis Wilson:

Upon the Edge of "1984"
A lunatic as President
A John Wilkes Booth
come back to life
A nation plagued with hunger
and every kind of violent strife
here the black poor are legally shot
or hanged by sheets in jail
where scuba divers murder beachboys
and call it drowning
as their veil
where telephones are tapped
and property is seized
because someone smells a drug
floating in the breeze
where the right hand of the elephant party
plants their briefcase bombs
while their leader in the White House
acts like he composed the Psalms
where the condemned are executed
by injection, electricity, and ga
while the highest court
gives their blessings
and lets the Fifth Commandment pass
where those on the bottom
can't afford subways
to rest a weary ass
while the wealthy
ride around on horses
and people call them
upper class
where polluters line their pockets
by dumping their waste
into our lungs
where Wall Street breaks
all the records
while the balance of payments ladder
breaks all its rungs
where journalists are censored
from the truth
and TV anchor people
cruelly done away
while First Amendment rights are blocked
and protestors mocked for what they say
where a Prime Minister is assassinated
by night
and the Marines arrive by dawn
to murder or be blown to pieces
while serving as re-election's pawn
where "peace through strength"
echoes Adolph Hitler
and his rocket deployment
goes full speed ahead
while people with a conscience
wake up sweating in their bed
with
A lunatic as President
A John Wilkes Booth
come back to life
A nation plagued with hunger
and every kind of violent strife
where the cities and mountains
will melt with blood
in mankind's final war
while we sit upon the edge
of "1984"

Robert H. Garner '64 W.
East Hills, NY

[June 1984]

San Francisco Chronicle

Someone finally had the guts to say it! In the correspondence section of the venerated *San Francisco Chronicle* a Ghandi-like American speaks out:

Alfred Nobel would most likely turn over in his grave if he knew what a miscarriage of his will and intent has been done concerning his peace prize. Seems like politics is getting more and more injected into deciding who is the worthy winner.

In the last few years there certainly have been men who have not qualified for this coveted prize. Men with war-like and terrorist backgrounds were given the honors. And now we learn that the controversial Lech Walesa of Poland, labor-union activist and glorified trouble-shooter, hit the jack pot. What has Lech Walesa ever done for the spirit of world peace?

—Nils Rahmberg
San Francisco

[October 12, 1983]

Mother Jones

Roger Wilkins, the Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. of his movement, lets off a stupendous encomium for the JFK of the '80s:

The main point about Jesse Jackson is not just that he has a fine mind, but that he is to politics what Duke Ellington was to jazz and what Magic Johnson is to basketball. He is a natural. He is nourished by the stuff of politics: the issues, the people, the motion, the turmoil, and the thunder. He is also nourished by his vision of a country that can be better than the one he has known, and by the sense that his efforts can make that vision possible. And, he is still learning. . . .

Despite the ceaseless drumbeat of the pundits heralding their conclusion that Jackson failed to put together a Rainbow Coalition, he attracted to his campaign a range of thinkers and activists who found him to be an enormously effective vehicle for getting their ideas before the public. They will undoubtedly continue to feed him their thoughts after November. So, during the next few years, it is entirely possible that as Jackson moves around the country working on issues, he will be the politician who will finally provide the coherent post-New Deal definition that the Left and the Democratic party have been seeking so desperately.

[Aug./Sept. 1984]

The Nation

The literary impulse once again seizes Mr. Alexander Cockburn, a leading exponent of the Philby line in American journalism:

Every time Paul Volcker puts the U.S. prime interest rate up one point, $4.5 billion is added overnight to Third World debt service. Volcker might just as well take several thousand undernourished African babies into a field and machine gun them. As chairman of the Fed, Volcker has been responsible for more deaths than the combined total of every "terrorist" group on the State Department's list.

[June 23, 1984]

Daily Pennsylvanian

An aperçu into the condition of the First Amendment at the venerable University of Pennsylvania as revealed in the student newspaper of that great university:

A sign stating "Homosexuality is wrong" was hung from a second floor window of Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity last week, but University administrators say they are unsure whether the chapter can be punished for the action.

The sign, which was hung by a graduating senior who is a brother in the fraternity, appeared on the side of the Locust Walk house Thursday and again on Saturday night, but was removed at the request of the Department of Public Safety and Fraternity and Sorority Affairs Director Rebecca Reuling.

Associate Director of Student Life Bob Schoenberg said yesterday that a number of student life officials had received complaints.

Christopher Joyce, the graduating senior who put up the sign, said yesterday that he wanted to see what reaction he would arouse.

"I believe [homosexuality] is wrong, and I just put up the sign as reaction," he said. "After the reaction started I kept it up just to see if I would be allowed to express my opinion if it was contrary to the University's opinion."

"There was nothing derogatory in it," he continued. "People were saying it was offensive, but it was just an opinion. They just felt it was offensive because it was not their opinion."

He said that while he thinks homosexuality is wrong, the sign was not directed at any individuals but was simply a way for him to state his opinion. "I would never deny anyone the right to express themselves," he said. "I have nothing against [homosexuality] on a social level, just on a moral one."

But Schoenberg said he feels the sign is reminiscent of several other incidents when fraternity members have harassed lesbian and gay students.

"I don't know of any incident as blatant as this, though," he said. "I think some action should be taken, but there is a difficulty in identifying who did this. But the issue of collective responsibility can be and has been used effectively."

Provost Thomas Erlich said yesterday that he is disturbed by the incident and that he will investigate the matter.

"I am shocked that the decent respect that members of the University community should have [for each other] should be violated in that offensive way," he said.

[May 18, 1984]

Rocky Mountain News

In the celebrated correspondence section of the *Rocky Mountain News,* Dr. Eunice Ingle finally speaks out:

Editor: I don't like it that old men are sending our young men to fight countries because Ronald Reagan doesn't like the way other countries rule their lands. Hundreds of countries are Marxist, communist and socialist. It takes an idiot to try to change the world.

Italy is a communist country, but that doesn't mean we should kill Italians. Sweden is a socialist country and Reagan could learn from them how to keep out of war and why they have no poor or needy in Sweden. They have nursing homes, dentists and doctors as free services to all Swedes.

We have enough trouble in the United States, such as murder, rapes, robbery, bombings, burning buildings. Yet Reagan gave many billions of dollars to foreign countries without interest. He lets them call it a gift.

He cut social and welfare programs, job training, food stamps, schools and more.

We don't need a president with a warm smile and a cold heart.

Eunice Ingle
Denver

[May 2, 1984]

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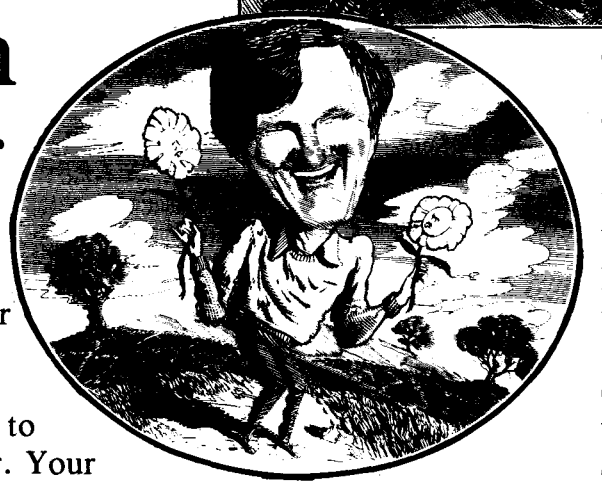

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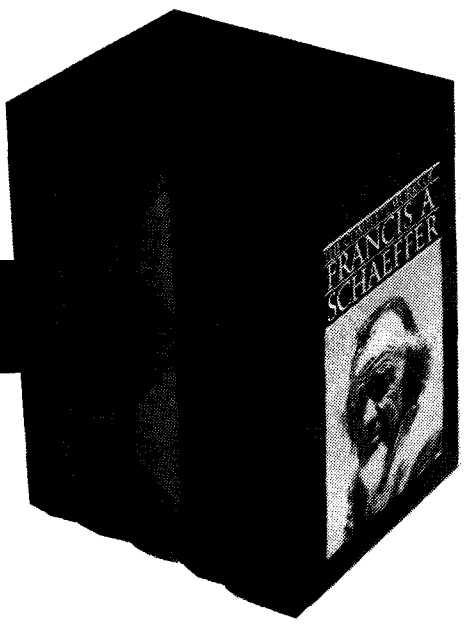

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